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Memorial of
Moses Harman...

Chicago

[1910]

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Memorial of Moses Harman, October 12, 1830, January 30, 1910; tributes by George Bernard Shaw, Bolton Hall, Leonard D. Abbott, Gilbert E. Roe, Juliet H. Severance, Theodore Schroeder, and many others. Moses Harman in prison. Chicago c1910?
56 p. ports. 25 cm.

From the American Journal of Eugenics.

Only Ed.

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MEMORIAL OF MOSES HARMAN

October 12, 1830 MOSES HARMAN January 30, 1910

Tributes by George Bernard Shaw, Bolton Hall, Leonard D. Abbott, Gilbert E. Roe, Dr. Juliet H. Severance, Theodore Schroeder, and many others.
Moses Harman in Prison, with Portrait.

1532 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill. Price, Twenty-Five Cents.

— THE —

AMERICAN JOURNAL OF EUGENICS

---AND---

LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

Each number of these valuable publications contain editorials by their founder, the late MOSES HARMAN, as well as numerous contributions by sincere women and men on the evils of the present system of marriage and suggestions For remedies which will free women from sexual and economic slavery in order that children may be conscientiously begotten instead of being brought into the world in the present haphazard way.

Moses Harman was the pioneer in America of the Eugenics movement which now is attracting the serious attention of sociologists and reformers throughout the world.

SUGGESTION

It would be well for those who have the means to buy files of THE JOURNAL OF EUGENICS and of LUCIFER and present them to the public libraries of their respective cities.

Lucifer the Light-Bearer was founded nearly thirty years ago. We have but one complete file, but we have many almost complete, and we have three complete from the beginning of the prosecutions in '86. Price of complete file from '86, to 1906, when the name and form was changed, is $50. Any volume of a single year, $1.25.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF EUGENICS, $1.25 PER VOLUME

FOR SALE BY

L. HARMAN

1532 Fulton Street Chicago, Ill.

Jan. 1933

Moses Harman Memorial

The American Journal of Eugenics

Published by Lillian Harman, 1532 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.

RETURN TO HOME AND FRIENDS.

[The following home-coming talk was made by Moses Harman at a meeting of the Social Science Club in Chicago the Sunday night following his release from his last imprisonment, in December, '06. It was read at the memorial meetings in Chicago and New York, Easter Sunday, but has never been published.—L. H.]

Moses Harman and Grandson, March, 1905

Tonight I feel much as I suppose a returning soldier feels, who, while in the discharge of his duty as picket or advance guard of the "corps of observation," has been captured, carried into captivity, and there suffered the abuses, the privations, the indignities and tortures incident to prison life in an enemy's country, and who by some turn of affairs has succeeded in making his escape to freedom and friends once more.

The parallel is not perfect I know, but will serve passably well to illustrate how I feel standing before this audience, all of whom seem to welcome me home again from my ten months' imprisonment at the instigation of the cohorts of reaction, the champions and de-

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fenders of mediaeval superstition, mediaeval ignorance, mediaeval supernaturalism, mediaeval dominance of thought and action by what was formerly known as the "Holy Inquisition" that for a thousand years imprisoned, tortured, hanged and burned those who demanded and asserted their right to think and act for themselves in matters of religion and morality.

The battle for freedom of thought and of non-invasive action in matters of religious beliefs, religious worship, has been mainly won —not wholly won, as witness the late trial of Dr. Crapsey for heresy, and many others that might be named, but the conflict for freedom of thought and of non-invasive action in matters of morality is still on—is still waged by the enemies of equal rights for all and special privileges for none, still waged with a virulence almost unknown in any previous age of the world. Under the specious names, the misleading names of "obscenity" and "free love" the modern postal inquisition seems to have undertaken the task of suppressing freedom of opinion, freedom of speech and of press, on the most important of all subjects of human investigation, that pertaining to the improvement of the race through a better knowledge of sexology, better knowledge of eugenics, of prenatal influences—better knowledge of what is required to practicalize the greatest of all human rights—the right to be Born Well, if Born at All.

But I am not here to make a speech, or to try to make a speech tonight. I promised the good friends who have put me on the program without my asking it, for this evening, to be very brief and to make my talk relate to my prison experiences mainly.

As a starter, as a sort of text for what I propose to say I will read a few verses written many years ago by William Ernest Henley:

"Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods there be
For my unconquerable soul.

"In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head though bloody is unbowed.

"Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

"It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll;
I am the master of my face,
I am the captain of my soul."

While this little poem has been a source of incalculable consolation to me during my four incarcerations in government Bastiles, I do not altogether agree with the writer thereof. His words do not altogether fit me. Let us analyze these verses a little. First:

"Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole."

I did not live in darkness either mental or literal while in prison. Always I felt that

"Stone walls do not a prison make nor iron bars a cage."

I was not in a dungeon, either literally or figuratively during all my prison experiences. I was not put into what is called the dark hole, though more than once seriously threatened therewith.

[Here there is a break in the manuscript where my father told of several instances in which the punishment was threatened. The first occurred on entering the prison at Joliet. He did not want to be vaccinated, as he believed it would injure his health. He was roughly told by the surgeon that "We have a place up on the hill for just such fellows as you," referring to the prison graveyard. He was threatened with the dark cell if he did not yield, and was actually vaccinated by force. He was put to work breaking stone, unsheltered from sun and storm, and required to work all day though physically not strong enough for such labor. I shall never forget his hands when I saw him after he had worked at the stone pile for about a month. They were cracked and calloused, and sore, and so thin they looked but skin and bone. He was brought in from the stone pile to talk with us, and his hands trembled from weakness and weariness. He told me he really believed they meant that he should die there, and he confessed to a very strong disinclination to die in prison. There was no thought of surrender, although we had the best of reason to believe that he would have been released on his promise to discontinue the publication of Lucifer. At home in Chicago I have some of the stones which he was breaking and which he gave me that day. He would not have objected to doing a moderate amount of hard labor, for he loved outdoor work and had done more or less of it all his life. But to take a frail man of seventy-four years of age from a desk and compel him to work long hours at the rock pile certainly savored strongly of some motive other than a mere desire to have the work done. When I wrote to my brother of the treatment our father was receiving, he immediately set political wheels in motion which resulted in a transfer to the prison at Leavenworth, Kansas. There they saw he was unfit for hard work, and he was allowed to do anything or nothing as he chose, with the result that he came out of the Leavenworth prison in better health than when he went from Joliet.—L. H.]

"Wrath and tears." There were quite enough of exhibitions of wrath on the part of the guards at Joliet, and some show of tears in Joliet; as when my daughter and other friends came to see me I

confess to shedding unmanly tears—caused as I think, mainly for the reason that, judging from the treatment I was getting there seemed a settled determination that I should never get out of that place alive and therefore I would never see my friends and home again. In the language of one of my cell mates they thought I "knew too much." I felt as a rat probably feels that is caught in a steel wire trap and then drowned in a tub of water. He is not allowed even to squeal. The rule is that nothing is allowed to go out from the prison without inspection by the censor, and if anything criticizing the management is written the letter is not allowed to pass. My first two letters to my daughter were suppressed and no reason given for such suppression. And when a visitor comes to see the prisoner, the conversation must all be in the presence of a guard, and presumably in the hearing of the guard. Hence my tears.

"And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid."

I think this fits me. Sixteen years ago last April Cassius G. Foster of the Kansas Federal Court gave me the menace, the threat, of five years in the penitentiary. Three times since that Foster sentence I have been sentenced to a year in the penitentiary by Federal judges, and yet so far as I know, none of these sentences frightened me. These menaces of years in prison found me unafraid. How it will be in the future I do not know. If we are to judge by the reports in the papers, the New York Vice Society, with its chief apostle, Anthony Comstock, has lately been endorsed more emphatically by the Federal Government than ever before. Hence the Modern Inquisition of Morals will probably "thank God and take courage," and be more strenuous than ever in putting moralistic heretics behind prison bars. Whether the menace of more years in the Government Bastile will find me unafraid is yet to be seen.

"Looms but the horror of the shade."

In this line I do not agree with Poet Henley. To me there is no "horror of the shade." If death means annihilation of the conscious individual life, then there is nothing horrible about it. Shakespeare says, "He that is robbed and knows not of his loss is not robbed at all." If I am to be robbed of conscious life at death I shall certainly not know of my loss, and therefore will not be robbed at all. I do not pretend to know that continued conscious existence is a fact in nature, but I have an impression, founded largely upon well known facts that it is a fact in nature. Therefore I am inclined, when viewing the near prospect of death, to say with Anne Letitia Barbauld:

"Life, I know not what thou art—
But this I know, that we must part.
But when or how or where we met,
I own to me's a secret yet.
Life! We have been long together

Through pleasant and through cloudy weather.
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear.
Then steal away, give little warning.
Take thine own time;
Say not Good night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good morning!"

FAREWELL TRIBUTES.

On Sunday evening, January 30, at 6:30, the brave and tender heart of Moses Harman ceased to beat. He was confined to his bed less than twenty-four hours. On the 25th he said in a letter which reached Chicago the day after he died: "There was such an accumulation of work on my desk on my return from San Francisco three weeks ago that it seems impossible ever to catch up. . . . Will just say I saw the foreman locking up the Jan.-Feb. number of Eugenics a few minutes ago, and therefore have ground of hope that the issue will be printed and bound before Sunday next."

No one can know how long he kept going by sheer force of will. His body had so long obeyed his brain that even he himself was probably not aware during the last weeks and days of how nearly worn out was the physical organism. The mind was conscious, clear and unafraid to the last. On Saturday he worked the greater part of the day in preparing wrappers and magazines for mailing. He was down town at the printing office twice on that day. He remained only a short time at the first trip, as he was suffering from oppression in the chest, and thought the atmosphere of the basement in which the mailing was done made breathing more difficult. A friend, Mrs. Dormer, was helping him, and together they brought bundles of the magazine out to Angeleno Heights, to the little room in the bungalow in which he lived and worked. Coming up the hill it was hard for him to breathe, and he remarked to Mrs. Dormer that sometimes he thought the stone dust which he had been forced to breathe when he was breaking stones in the Joliet prison four years ago might have caused the suffering in his chest which he occasionally experienced. At about 5:30 in the evening he again went down town to work, but was unable to remain. He was helped from the car and to bed, and loving friends were with him all the night and until the end. He realized his condition and about 2 o'clock Sunday morning remarked to Dr. Hunter, "Well, it begins to look as if this is to be the end of Moses Harman." She asked what were his desires, should such be the case, and he replied, "Telegraph for my daughter, and she will know what to do." Dr. Hunter wanted to send for me at once, but my father said to wait a while—perhaps he would be better soon. At another time he said to her that he wanted to see and talk with me; that he believed that even if he were dying he might, by power

of will, remain alive three days till I could get here. But he would not let the telegram be sent, and it was not until he had breathed his last that the message was sent that brought me here. He talked within ten minutes of the end, and was conscious until his last breath. Angina pectoris was technically the cause of death.

And so passed on as he had lived, this clean, white spirit, this true friend, this tender father, this brave soldier of peace and freedom and love.

LILLIAN HARMAN.

As I was one of the very last of the comrades to visit our arisen brother, Moses Harman, a few statements may be of interest. He was taken very sick soon after eating a lunch at a restaurant, and it is thought he may have been poisoned by ptomaine. He had to be assisted home. The Drs. Hunter ministered to his needs most constantly and tenderly till the end came, and proved to be friends in deed. I went to see him Sunday, leaving at 2 p. m. His mind faculties were clear and keen as usual, but I saw he was a very sick man, and begged him not to talk till wearied. His greatest solicitude was to get **Eugenics** mailed, and I promised to come and help him the next day. Just before I left he said: "Well, last night I thought this was my last call, but I feel some better now, though my stomach is in a terrible rebellion. I feel that I will be up in a day or two." The "last call" came sooner than he expected, for I received a telephone message that "Mr. Harman just passed away at 6:30 p. m." I could scarcely believe it, but his "unconquerable soul" had conquered the faithful tenement of clay, been liberated and promoted into better and higher conditions. I went over immediately, and later on made arrangements for a memorial service, as I knew a funeral service would not please him. I have known Moses Harman ever since he published The Kansas Liberal, and never met a more manly man—noble, loyal-hearted, generous, progressive and spiritual.

Dr. Adah Patterson had charge of the services. I regret that the words of just praise cannot be given entire, but I recall a few of the ideas expressed.

Rev. W. C. Bowman, a long-time reformer and sympathetic friend, read the following very appropriate poem, by Lowell, entitled: "New Men for New Times." This was one of Mr. Harman's favorite poems, and was often quoted by him.

New times demand new measures and new men;
The world advances, and in time outgrows
The laws that in our father's days were best;
And, doubtless, after us, some purer scheme
Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,
Made wiser by the steady growth of Truth.
We cannot take Utopia on by force;

But better, almost, be at work in sin
Than in a brute inaction browse and sleep.

The time is ripe, and over ripe for change;
Then let it come; I have no dread of what
Is called for by the instinct of mankind;
Nor think I that God's world will fall apart
Because we tear a parchment more or less.

Let us speak plain; there is more force in names
Than most men dream of; and a lie may keep
Its throne a whole age longer, if it skulk
Behind the shield of some fair-seeming name.
Let us call tyrants tyrants, and maintain
That only freedom comes by grace of God,
And all that comes not by His grace must fall;
For men in earnest have no time to waste
In patching fig leaves for the naked Truth.

This noble man was a martyr to the ignorance of the age. Yes, indeed, the time is ripe for a change, and the new men and women must make it, by bringing light and greater liberty to the darkened consciousness of hungry seekers for truth. This is what our brother tried to do, and though prison bars held him captive, he was not dismayed, nor did he cease to labor for humanity, when his toil worn body was liberated from prison. That he will take up his life work just where he left it here, I am positive, as he told me often that he believed in a conscious continued existence, after so-called death. I am here to honor and give greetings to this arisen brother.

Rev. E. A. Cantrell, a keen logical thinker, spoke intensely of the sexologic reforms taken up by Brother Harman, as being of incalculable value to man, woman and child. There should be still more radical utterances given the sin-sick world, until this vast ignorance and mock modesty about sex shall be wholly eradicated, and a happy, healthy race result. Society today is filled with a wholesale wreckage of health and home-happiness because of the lack of knowledge along these lines. I feel ashamed of a set of men who can see nothing but lewdness and obscenity in the teachings of Moses Harman, and who could deliberately put this grand old man into the penitentiary for persistently trying to educate people in the science of right living and thus abolish vice, crime and misery.

I am glad to have known Brother Harman, and I knew him to be exceptionally clean-minded, brave and loyal to friends, while tolerant to foes.

Prof. W. F. Peck, an old-time friend, spoke of being both sad and glad: Sad for the parting, but glad for the release from the infirmities of body that prison life entails, and the great suffering for free-

dom endured. I take retrospective view and wonder when our grand workers for the betterment of the race will be justly treated. I have known Moses Harman for many years, and he was always the genial comrade, the serious thinker, the man with a mission, and he has fulfilled that mission to a large extent, and the race is better for his indomitable energy to bring about a truer knowledge of a superior race. In the ages to come Moses Harman will be remembered and honored.

Mrs. Emily Kraetz spoke very forcibly of the great good accomplished by Brother Harman, of the man brave enough to attack existing unjust laws for women and to demand by voice and pen that these laws be abolished or changed so that women—the mothers of the race—shall have a better environment in every way. I am sometimes clairvoyant, and I saw Brother Harman. He spoke to me and wanted me to thank the friends for their good words, saying: "It is more than I deserve." This was characteristic of the man. He never thought of self. He worked early and late to emancipate women from their slaveries and to bring the study of eugenics—a well-born race—before the people for consideration. Brother, I place these violets upon your casket and they symbolize the gratefulness of millions of my sisters, for your noble sacrifices and labors in their behalf. The world needs you still.

Dr. Patterson closed the services with some excellent remarks, saying: "I never knew a more consistent man in that he would listen attentively to what an opponent would say, but the moment said opponent began to doubt the efficacy of greater freedom and enlightenment curing all the ills of life, Brother Harman would straighten himself up, throw back his head and say, 'My friend, I beg to differ.' He was a most determined man, and had he been less so, the world would be the loser. In coming years the people will hold anniversary meetings for Moses Harman, the same as they now do for Thomas Paine,—and well they may. I am sure his best energies will still be directed earthward, and be a light-bearer of good tidings. Let us take up the work and carry it forward, as much as possible."

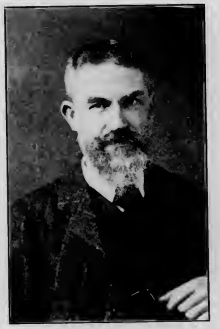
Mrs. Sanford sang two fine selections, after which the body was incinerated, as this was the wish expressed. I cannot refrain from quoting the following from Dr. I. Wilkins:

"His form was weak and worn with toil he loved so deeply here:
His mind was busy to the end, and full of hope and cheer.
His soul was ever in his work, as bearer of the light.
But that calm, old messenger came and bore him out last night.

Whatever else of him now gone, by friends or foe, be said,
Say he was honest in his thought, and say not he is dead."

FLORA WARDALL-FOX.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW SPEAKS.



Dear Lillian Harman:

It seems nothing short of a miracle that your father should have succeeded in living for seventy-nine years in a country so extremely dangerous for men who have both enlightened opinions and the courage of them as the United States of America. It is certainly no fault of the Americans that he did not die before; that last imprisonment of his was really an outrage to political decency.

I am glad to gather from your letter that he escaped the illness and pain that often trouble a good man's end; and I hope that now that he is dead, and can no longer shock Mr. Comstock and the rest of the American idols, some little sense of shame at the way he was treated may find expression in America.

Yours faithfully,
G. BERNARD SHAW.

115 Adelphi Terrace, London.

THE INSPIRATION OF MOSES HARMAN.

By Bolton Hall.

At the funeral of the late Wm. T. Croasdale it was said, "That which we instinctively feel as more than matter and more than energy—that which in thinking of our friend today we cherish as best and highest, that cannot be lost. If there be in the world order and purpose, that still lives." And what was that, this inspiration of Moses Harman, that which, although his body has passed away and is turned to dust, still lives?

There was one thing predominant in his character, a predominant feature in the character of every great teacher and preacher who has ever lived, the exceeding lovingness of the man, the man who could not be provoked, who, when he was reviled, reviled not again, who turned the cheek to the smiter and refused even to remonstrate with him. For Harman had found that which many of the great thinkers of the world have sought in vain, the paradox of how a man

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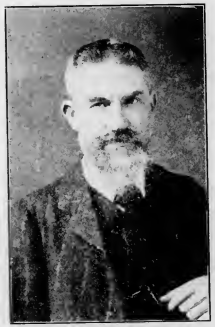

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shall resist, strenuously and effectively resist, and still be non-resistant, how he shall overcome evil without stirring up more evil. In accordance with that thought, the overcoming of evil with good, the meeting of hate with affection, the meeting of rage with calmness, he opposed to his persecutors that fixity of purpose, watchful, aware, implacable, unmoved, which nothing could overcome.

It brought him shortly to prison, as it has brought many a man, and as it will bring some of those who stand with us today. But he did not lament that, and although it undoubtedly shortened his life, he himself would be the last to lament it. That is a necessary stage through which every reformer must go—the time when men regard the thing so dangerous, as in fact it is, that they will put the man who promulgates it behind stone walls.

I would like to read you a poem of another of the friends of Moses Harman. I sent it to him while he was in prison, and he wrote me how much he appreciated it, the simple, natural, heartfelt poetry of Ernest Crosby:

THE PRISON.

And I saw a jail lifting its grimy walls to heaven.

And they that passed by looked at it askance, for they said, "It is the abode of Sin."

And to them the broad sky and all the earth was fair to look upon, for they saw the early buds opening and heard the birds that had come back from the South, and they felt the sun which was new warming the hearts of beast and plant.

But within the prison, and behind its cold, thick buttresses, and its small, round, triple-barred windows, that looked like tunnels, they heard faint groanings and sighings and much lamentation, and they said, "It is most just, for it is the abode of Sin."

And I heard a Voice saying, "Woe to the cause that hath not passed through a prison!"

And I looked again, and I saw in the jail those deliverers who in each age have saved the world from itself and set it free, and gyves were on their wrists and ankles.

And I saw Israel in the house of bondage before it came forth to preserve Duty for mankind.

Woe to the cause that hath not passed through a prison!

* * * * *

And I saw within the jail them that gave liberty to the slave, and them that unbound the mind of man, and them that led onward to Freedom and Justice and Love.

Woe to the cause that hath not passed through a prison!

* * * * *

And the hosts within held up their arms, and the marks of their shackles were upon them.

But I hid my hands behind me, for there was no mark on my wrists. Woe to the cause that hath not passed through a prison!

—From "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable."

O, Moses Harman! Martyr and prophet, teacher and preacher, leader and lover of ours! To you who, being dead, yet speaketh, we answer here, the candle that thou hast lit shall never be put out; the insurrection that thou hast stirred up shall never be quelled; the sword that thou hast drawn shall never rest again until we hang it up at last within the temple—the everlasting temple—of humanity. For we shall hang it up. We shall hang it up before the two-sexed image of that god of humanity, Janus god, looking both ways, one face backward, then towards Liberty, the other face forward still to Love—the love that was the Inspiration of Moses Harman.

"THE RIGHTS OF MOSES HARMAN UNDER THE CONSTITUTION—HOW THEY WERE DENIED."

By Theodore Schroeder.

Many have been insistent upon telling me there was something wrong somewhere which resulted in Mr. Harman's persecution. They were never able to make it very clear to me just where the wrong lay, or how it was that his rights were being denied; but their words inspired me with a feeling that I must investigate for myself, and see if I could understand or state in a different way than they had stated to me the things that were wrong and underlying his persecution.

The result of these studies I have put out in a great many articles in professional magazines, expressing my views on the relation of obscene literature to constitutional law.

The friends who prepared and arranged for this meeting asked me, therefore, to say a few words upon the question of the rights under the Constitution of the United States of Moses Harman, and how those rights were violated.

If I were simply to say that under the Constitution of the United States Moses Harman was entitled to be protected in his life, liberty, and property under due process of law, it would not mean much to you. If I added that his rights were violated in that he was denied the constitutional guaranty of immunity from ex post facto punishment, that would not mean much to you. If I added that the constitutional guarantee of freedom of speech and press was denied in this case, that would have little meaning for you.

It becomes necessary, to understand these provisions of the Constitution, to go back just a little and understand the controversies which these provisions were intended to settle. I am going to attempt the very difficult task of summarizing all of them in ten minutes, and it covers a conflict of centuries, so I can not do it well.

Away back in the time of King John of England the barons found

that they were being invited to the capital and when they got there were being put in jail for offenses which were not described upon the statute books, and which they could not know to be offenses, and then money was extorted from them under penalty of their liberty. They saw the evil of this and finally mustered enough bows and arrows and cross-guns and moved upon Saint John, until they got from him the concession of Magna Charta, which said, among other things, that no man should be deprived of life, liberty or property except in the due course of law.

Now, that means that no man could be punished for anything which he could not know in advance of his act to be a prohibited act, and that means, as applied to our judicial system, that the statute describing the offense must specifically tell what the criteria are. That right of Moses Harman to have the statute define the thing which he could not do was violated, because nowhere in the law, in the judicial decisions, is there any statement of the test by which to determine the dividing line between that which is obscene and that which is not.

Therefore, the punishment of Moses Harman was, as I believe, in violation of the constitutional guaranty that every man shall be protected in his life, liberty, and property and cannot be deprived of them, except by due process of law.

In England, after that concession had been extorted from the king, the king and the barons found an easy evasion, as tyrants always do. When a man did something they did not like, but which had not yet been prohibited by any existing law, they arrested him anyway, and then they made a law to fit his case and punished him under the future law then to be enacted. In order to guard against that a clause was put in the American Constitution which said in effect that no man should be punished under ex post facto laws, that is, under laws which came into existence after the act to be punished.

That provision of the Constitution was violated for the purpose of punishing Moses Harman, since the Constitution nowhere defines the criteria or test of obscenity, and in every prosecution under that law there necessarily devolves upon the court and the jury then trying the case the task of furnishing a test of obscenity for themselves —one not in existence at the time the act was committed and reflecting only the personal judgment, idiosyncracies, moral hypocrisy, or point of view of the judge and jury then trying the case, and in every instance the test of obscenity by which the man is convicted comes into existence only at the trial and long after the act for which he is punished was committed. Judicial legislation is all we have attempting to fix tests of obscenity, and is as contradictory as the Bible— I do not think of anything more contradictory.

Prior to the American Constitution there was great conflict of opinion over the right of freedom of speech and of the press. Those in authority insisted that freedom meant that you had a right to say

those things which the law permitted you to say. The friends of freedom insisted that you had a right to say anything you wished to say provided only you did not thereby inflict material and actual injury upon some one; if your words resulted in riot or rebellion you must take the consequences of that riot or rebellion; when you incite to resistance you must expect resistance in return. Our Constitution sought to decide that contention in favor of the unofficial advocation of freedom of speech and press.

Moses Harman was entitled to the benefit of that provision of our Constitution and did not receive it. No utterances for which Mr. Harman was punished ever injured anybody, either materially or otherwise. Hence his constitutional guarantee in that respect was denied him.

Now, Mr. Harman was a dreamer of dreams and a prophet of the future; he instinctively felt that he must have the right to say the things and publish the things that he wished to say and publish. But he perhaps did not connect the Constitution with natural right. He felt instinctively that there was something wrong when he could be punished for things which he could not know in advance to be crimes. It seemed to him a crime to punish him for the defense of an opinion, and he probably failed to connect his natural right with the declaration of that natural right in the Constitution. I infer that from the fact that in none of the cases in which Mr. Harman was concerned is there any adequate or even any presentation of this constitutional question.

This was so owing to many reasons,—one, the lawyers defending him were overawed by the epithet applied. At any rate this question was not presented to the court, and only the barest reference was made to one question—freedom of speech and of the press. The courts and judiciary necessarily represent the most conservative element in the community. They cannot be expected to be otherwise. With very little help from the attorneys for the defendant, and no inclination to initiate those points of defense on their own account, the courts very readily convicted Mr. Harman in spite of his constitutional rights.

TWO CONCEPTIONS OF LIBERTY—THAT OF MOSES HARMAN AND THAT OF HIS PERSECUTORS.

By Moses Oppenheimer.

There is a strange provision in the ancient Mosaic law, ordering that when a slave is offered his freedom by his master and yet refuses to accept it, the master shall take him to the door-post and with a sharp iron point pierce his ear against the door-post. And the explanation of this strange law is given by the wise men of old to be this: The ear that has heard the message of freedom and can not and will not receive it, should be marked forevermore.

There are in this world thousands, aye, millions of ears to whom the word freedom is but an empty sound; millions of minds that do not and can not receive the message of freedom. And for those millions Moses Harman, through a long and earnest career, worked unswervingly, faithfully, to the last breath in his body. For he had received the true meaning of freedom. He understood what a powerful instrument human language is in carrying human thought, and that man was the only exception among living things in that he could not only communicate his thought immediately to his surroundings, but who could carry it beyond space and beyond time. The word spoken vanishes, but the word written conquers time and space both, and therefore human thought, in the conception of Moses Harman, was so powerful an element in promoting human progress and human happiness; and that being the case, there being no other engine so valuable, so far-reaching, so all-pervading, as human thought, Moses Harman felt and preached that human thought as a means of communication between man and man must always be as free and unshackled as the air of this globe; that there is nothing more harmful to the communication of human thought as an instrument of human amelioration than its limitation, than to have it fettered, than to have it circumscribed, ordered about by self-appointed judges and executors. And therefore Moses Harman believed that no harm can be done by the dissemination of human thought, because if it were written, it could be corrected by others, and would be, in the end. The only harm that would come to the human race would come from the assumption of a guardianship of the few over the many, from the assumption that there are self-appointed judges who will determine what sort of human thought, what sort of human expression, is permissible and what is not. Harman felt that this was at the bottom of all slavery, that this was at the bottom of all that retards the progress of the human race. And living up to this conception of his through a long and stormy career, he has acted all the time. He not only stood up for the black slave at a time when slavery was a lawful institution, defended by the United States Supreme Court, by the United States Congress, by the United States executive, by the United States judiciary and by most of the pulpits of the United States,—he stood up for every good cause that was pummelled as the under dog in the fight. I have followed his paper for at least a quarter of a century. I have always found him defending those that were hounded by the master class. I have found him in 1886, when friends were few indeed, standing up for the eight men languishing in the jail at Chicago, standing up bravely, standing up for a cause most unpopular, but in the firm belief that liberty allowed him no other course; and through all the years following I have found him standing up every time when a wrong was being committed or preparing to be committed. I have found him with the same unshakable determination standing up for Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, when they

were kidnapped; I have found him standing up against the United States government when it lent aid and comfort to two of the most bloody tyrants of our time, the Czar of Russia and Porfirio Diaz of Mexico. Moses Harman never was found wanting in the defense of a good cause. We may not have agreed with him in all his views, but he was a splendid type of the finest manhood that America ever produced.

Now, let us see, in comparing that conception of freedom, the conception of the man that received the true message, whose ear need not be nailed to the door-post—let us see the conception of liberty held by the man who last had the power, and used it, against Moses Harman, the man who sat in the White House and directed his Postmaster General's and his Attorney General's hands and tools. That man's conception of liberty, I will give you from a personal explanation in a long interview I had with him, which I have never published, but which I think this is the proper place to tell.

When Theodore Roosevelt was at the head of the Police Department in this City under the administration of Mayor Strong, you remember, most of you, the silly Sunday saloon campaign which he inaugurated and the discussion which followed. It was during the heat of that discussion that I met Mr. Roosevelt at a public meeting and had an opportunity to contradict him publicly on the platform. Whereupon, politician-like, he thought he could win me over to his side, and invited me to meet him at police headquarters as a representative German, and probably I would change my views after such conversation. In the course of time that interview took place; I met Mr. Roosevelt in his office. The conversation naturally turned on his Sunday campaign and his attempt to prevent the sale of liquor on Sunday. He said he must execute the law as a matter of plain duty. Whereupon I said to Mr. Roosevelt: "You are a believer in liberty; how can you reconcile your policy with any concept of liberty? What do you think liberty is? If you brand us as criminals or the allies of criminals, what is your idea of liberty?" and he blurted out, right off, that liberty was "the right of any person to do that which is permitted under the law." Whereupon I answered: "Mr. Roosevelt, do you know where you stand with that definition of liberty? You stand with the Czar of Russia and the Pope of Rome! The Czar of Russia always subscribes to that definition of liberty, that it is the right of every one to do that which is permitted under the law,—'and I make the law!' And the Pope of Rome would likewise say to every good Catholic, 'Liberty is the right to do that which is permitted under the law—and I make the law!' Now," said I, "you know where you stand with your definition of liberty!" It flabbergasted him somewhat, in spite of his iron forefront, and he said: "Now, don't you accept that definition? What is your definition?" I said, "I have no definition of my own, but there is a definition well-known in the scientific world, and it can be expressed in a formula

like this: Liberty is the right of every individual to do as he pleases, provided he does not invade or violate the right of any other individual. That is liberty." But Mr. Roosevelt looked at me as if he belonged to that class whose ear and the door-post ought to come into very close touch. He could not conceive it, and I do not think he has conceived it to this present day—what freedom is; hence he felt only that when his postmaster sent men to prison for doing that which is no crime, and when his postmaster ruined men for doing that which was their perfect right to do, that the postmaster was really acting under the law as Theodore Roosevelt understands the law—which is mighty little understanding.

Now, that is the condition. Here you have one man who knows what freedom means and lives up to his knowledge to the end, dying a poor man, but respected by men now, a man whose name will be written in the annals of true history, as history will be written in the future, not by hirelings, but by scientific men. On the other hand, you have a man who makes a great deal of noise in the world, the Barnum of American politics; who is coming home now in the blare of trumpets; a man who has written far more than Moses Harman ever did, who has written volumes of stuff like the sentence he penned about Thomas Paine. He makes his noise while it lasts, and it lasts at present; but one hundred years from now—two hundred years from now, he will assume his true place in the history of this age. The glamour of a boisterous mediocrity will have paled into insignificance, while Moses Harman's name will outshine that of Theodore Roosevelt.

WHAT MOSES HARMAN'S WORK MEANS TO WOMEN.

By Mrs. E. M. Murray.

When I was asked to speak on this subject, I put two questions to myself, "What was Moses Harman's work?" and "In what way could it mean anything to woman?" We have learned today, if we never knew before, that Moses Harman's work was for Freedom; not for one special phase of freedom only, but for Freedom in its broadest sense. Wherever there were bonds and slavery; wherever there were restrictions in speech or actions; wherever legislation or custom prevented man living a free life, there lay Moses Harman's interest; there he turned his attention and all his powers were brought to bear to set the captive free. When Benjamin Franklin was asked which was his country, he replied: "Where Freedom dwells there is my country." It was a great answer; only one greater is recorded, and that was Thomas Paine's answering comment upon it—"Where Freedom dwells not, there is my country." Harman was like Paine—where Freedom was not, there was a field for him to work. And where was a broader field than the "sphere of woman"?

When man first usurped the place of woman and arrogated to himself the rights nature had bestowed upon her, he probably had no thought of anything but his own temporary advantage. By virtue of physical force alone he subjected her. But as he advanced in cunning and gained in intelligence, he realized that to hold by physical force alone was small satisfaction, and required that he be ever ready to maintain his rights against all comers. Besides, a woman might rebel, and when dissatisfied with her liege lord might seek another stronger than he, who could worst him in open fight. So he began to weave a web of customs that became crystallized into laws, all tending to the complete subjugation of woman, in that they regarded her merely as another piece of property, and not as an independent human being. In this way, she was made so dependent upon man for her very opportunity to live, that she thought it to her interest to please him not only by submitting to these regulations, but by insisting that all should abide by them. In this way, woman became her own enslaver, and man, having created the conditions, could afford to turn his attention to his own affairs and leave it to woman to keep herself his slave.

It is the custom now to decry the use of that term. Men are getting ashamed of it, and women themselves resent being regarded as slaves, but that is what they actually were, and in almost all places what they virtually are to the present day. For even in this great, free country, there are only twelve states and the District of Columbia, which recognize a woman's right to equal guardianship over her children; and in several states a father may still appoint a guardian for his children, born or unborn, without even the consent of the mother being first obtained; in many states no woman can hold her own property intact after marriage, nor escape the man's right of curtesy after she has divorced him for his offense against her. And just there comes in a very nice point. The law says that any sex relation outside the marriage bond is an "offense," especially if one or both of the offending persons is married. One such "offense" is sufficient anywhere to deprive a woman of any share in the worldly goods with which the man endowed her in return for ownership in her,—if he knows of it and secures a divorce. But the offense is not so great if committed by the man; and, even in New York, he retains his curtesy in her property, though she loses her dower rights in his.

Now, if a woman does not own her children; cannot make the laws under which she must live; is discriminated against in the very laws which men pretend were made for her good; if she may not own property in the same free way that man can; if, in short she is hemmed in, restricted by the laws of church and State; if she may not even own her own body after being legally married, what is she but a slave, virtually and actually? This was the condition which roused the sympathy of the big-hearted Moses Harman, and to fight this cruel wrong became the real purpose of his life. Perhaps his greatest wisdom—and surely the cause of his greatest suffering—lay

in the fact that he recognized the futility of legislation in securing freedom. In his soul he knew that freedom lay within the grasp of every one who knew enough to take it, and it was his mission to help them learn that much. He preached free motherhood; he sounded again for women the old note of the "right of selection"; he tried to show her that as the law did nothing for her, her one hope lay in ignoring the law; that as nature had given to her the stupendous task of preserving and conserving the race, she could not afford to be false to it; that a woman's right to her own person was inalienable; that a marriage law which was based on the principle "once consent always consent" was a direct and degrading violation of this right—a wrong to herself and a still more flagrant wrong to her child; he told her, too, that where she was already living under this law and could see no way of escape—where for any reason she was willing to put up with this wrong against herself, she had still one right and duty left, and that was to see that no children resulted from such a union. It was for these things that Moses Harman fought and suffered.

Now what they mean to woman, depends upon what they mean to individual women. There are still many to whom they stand for disgrace, crime, degradation; there are always among slaves those who hug their chains. It is useless to upbraid them for this, for there are none of us who are not slaves in some respect—and proud to be so. It is only that we have not recognized our condition in its true light.

But what they may mean to woman fills one's soul with joy if one be at all inclined to have faith in the future. Changes are never brought about suddenly. The final effect may seem to come suddenly, but those who have been working know of the years of unremitting toil, the agony of soul, the bitterness of seeming defeat, that preceded the advance. So it is and must be with Moses Harman's work. It grows slowly, but it grows. More and more women are coming to recognize that the original right of selection is still theirs; that their very function of carrying on the race demands that the product be the best possible; that it cannot be the best possible where the relation between men and women is unequal and means bondage for the woman.

Millions of women have gone outside the "sphere" man marked out for them, and have found that there is still something wrong; they broke away from the home because the bonds galled them; they have found no relief in the industrial world; they are calling for the ballot, and when they have got it they will learn that that, too, is of no avail; that though the law should be changed tomorrow to give every woman a right to her child it will not solve the problem; for then will come the question of supporting it. And, having exhausted every other means of securing what she wants, woman will come to understand that underneath all wrongs as all rights, the very right to

life itself, lies the economic question. Until she can support her child as well as herself independent of man, she cannot have free motherhood; it is not enough that she bear it without legal sanction; that has been common enough in all ages and is not usually freedom at all. It certainly is not to my mind all that Harman stood for. He stood for that motherhood which should be a matter of choice and desire on the part of the mother, whether or not any legal bond existed between the prospective parents; for motherhood devoid of that fear of want that makes women cravens for their children's sake; for that motherhood which is a joy to the mother, and out of which she may cry to the child, "I have given thee that greatest of blessings, life," knowing that for her and for it the means of supporting that life and gratifying the natural desires are no longer closed forever, but lie open for their use. This then is what Moses Harman's work may mean to woman—Motherhood that shall be free of coercion, a joy to the mother; that shall result in healthy, happy, beautiful babies; that will lift the race higher than it has ever yet been; that will give woman her rightful place; secure to each coming generation its natural heritage,—the earth,—destroy want and the fear of want, and give to man for the first time a realizing sense of Freedom. And all this can be and will be when Woman knows what Moses Harman's work means for her.

MOSES HARMAN AND THE IMPORTED AND AMERICANIZED ADMINISTRATIVE PROCESS.

By Gilbert E. Roe.

It was not my privilege to know Mr. Harman personally. I knew him only through what he wrote and through what he lived. I cannot, therefore, as fittingly as others, speak of him such words of personal appreciation as have been spoken here today. But even to me, knowing him as I did, through his writings, as I read them, and through his acts, he was a tender and heroic figure. With abilities that might have commanded wealth and power in any of the orthodox callings of life, he yet chose poverty and imprisonment rather than be disloyal in the least to his ideals.

What were the ideals of Moses Harman? He believed that every child had a right to be well born. He believed that every child had a right to be greeted at the threshold of life by willing parents, not by unwilling ones. He believed that health was a better inheritance for a child than disease. He believed that the women of the world should own their own bodies, and that none should be compelled to barter her body in order to live, even though the transaction was blessed by a priest and commanded by a law. He was the great conservator of our natural human resources. He believed it was just as important to raise good men and women as it was good trees; that human beings were of as much importance as animals, and that

it was as desirable to raise a splendid race of men and women as it was to breed good cattle and good swine. Believing these things, he taught them, and for that we punished him.

It is only a few months since the government of Spain sent Francisco Ferrer to his death for daring to bear the torch of knowledge to the mass of mankind, and for the same reason we, bigoted, Anglo-Saxon hypocrites, persecuted and imprisoned Moses Harman. He offended grievously in his teachings, not so much, perhaps, in their direct as in their indirect result. The proposition that a child has a right to be well born is certain soon to be followed with the proposition that that child has a right to live and to live properly; that it has a right to so much of this earth as is necessary for it to live properly, and that doctrine is revolutionary. The doctrine that a woman has a right to her own body and need not barter it for the privilege of living, is a blow aimed at organized society, and organized religion as we know it today, and is not to be tolerated. All organized governments have this in common, I care not whether it be the government of the United States or the darkest despotism in the world—they have this in common, they must stand against every new truth, they must deny every new fact, they must uphold every old tenet, they must defend every old falsehood, for anything less than that is change, and change is the death of government as it is. And so it was that Moses Harman grievously offended, and it was for that that he was punished. The method of his punishment was perhaps a double one. He was deprived of his liberty by court proceedings; of that it is no part of my province to speak today. He was deprived of his property, ruined financially and prevented from finding expression for his views by administrative proceedings, and of that I speak. Surprisingly simple are these administrative proceedings. They warrant much more discussion than they can have today, and much more consideration than we can here give them.

On the statute books of the United States is written a law which says that any obscene book or publication or vile book or publication is unmailable and shall not be received or transmitted through the mails. No tribunal is provided to determine what is vile or obscene. The determination of that simply rests with some third or fourth grade official, without standing, without character, without intelligence; and from the decision of that official there is no appeal. Now, lest I may characterize in too harsh terms this administrative process, I want to read to you from a number of **Eugenics** a quotation there given from Champ Clark, who, as you know, is now the recognized leader of one of the two great conservative parties in Congress. He says: "By issuing an order the postoffice department can ruin the business of any man in this country and there is no appeal from that order. It has become more and more apparent of late that the postoffice department exercises a species of absolutism

which is utterly at variance with the principles upon which the republic is professedly founded and utterly repugnant to the American people. As a matter of fact, the postmaster general has already exercised the autocratic power of the Russian czar in his department, and continues to exercise it with reference to such publications as happen to be offensive to the administration."

And let me say, in contrasting Spain's treatment of Ferrer and ours of Moses Harman, that what Spain did in executing Francisco Ferrer because he was a teacher was done in harmony with the spirit of her institutions; what we did to Mr. Harman in prosecuting and imprisoning him for being a teacher, was done in violation of the spirit of our institutions.

Continuing the quotation from Mr. Clark: "The postmaster-general not only excluded the issues of Lucifer, Moses Harman's Chicago weekly, from the mails, but harassed and hounded it until its publication became impossible and in addition sentenced Harman, one of the purest and noblest of men, to the penitentiary. (Of course the closing clauses constitute a slip on Mr. Clark's part; Federal judges, not the postmaster-general, sentenced Moses Harman to prison.) Any number of instances might be cited to show that the postmaster general, under the present statutes and regulations, does practically as he pleases, and there is rarely any redress for the aggrieved parties. They are simply excluded and ruined and the country seldom hears of them, as they have no appeal."

That, you will remember, is the language of an orthodox and conservative member of Congress characterizing the administrative process that was used so foully to destroy the usefulness of Moses Harman.

But it is a matter of congratulation that the effort was not entirely successful, his indomitable courage, his splendid will, triumphs even over one of the great departments of this government, and I venture the prophecy here today that the man who declared his publications unmailable, as the men who sentenced him to imprisonment, will be remembered by posterity only because of the infamy of those acts, while the name of Moses Harman will go down through the ages blessed by each succeeding generation which he will have benefited.

No kindlier man ever walked the earth, no more generoue heart c'er beat. No warmer nature ever held sway, nor more courageous temperament ever worked. Moses Harman was truly a great man. No greater encomium could be tendered to him. I had the good fortune to meet him once, that was many years ago, but to know him was to love and admire him.—The Rationalist, Lexington, Ky.

"WHY THE NAME OF MOSES HARMAN WILL LIVE BEYOND OUR YEARS."

By Leonard D. Abbott.

My friends, it seems to me that it is only necessary to look at that head of Moses Harman to understand the height and breadth of the man we are celebrating this afternoon. He has the brow of the thinker, he has the clear eye of the honest man, looking you straight in the face.

He was seventy-nine years old; this old warhorse who worked to the end. The last thing he did was to get out his magazine Eugenics. He went to prison four times, and he said to the people

who put him in prison, "You can put me in prison but I will not yield one jot or one iota of what I believe is the truth."

Such men are the salt of the earth; these are the honest men who make our humanity great; these are the men who give our humanity its meaning, its dignity and its strength. Moses Harman's name will live for many reasons. First of all he called our attention to the importance of the sex question. He lifted it out of the impure hush to which so many had consigned it. He made us feel the necessity of free discussion of this great question. There is no question in the universe on which we need to have more free, clean, and conscientious discussion than this question of sex.

He was an authentic type; all the great people of the world are the authentic types. Now what I mean by that is just this: He said what he had to say because it came from his inmost being. He did not say what he said to become famous, to get notoriety, or to go to prison or to do anything of that kind; he said what he said, he wrote what he wrote, because that was the first need of his being—to express these things that he felt.

It is possible, of course, that Mr. Harman did not have the last word of this sex question, for no man sees all the truth. But nevertheless he told what he saw, he told us what he knew, and no man can do more than that, and in doing so he has given us a transcript of an honest man—he has stimulated the whole progress and thought of men along this line.

Truth is born in just this way; just through such men as Moses Harman. There is no such thing in the world as absolute truth, but truth is born gradually; truth becomes truth because people believe it, fight for it, die for it. Moses Harman has given us some truth, has made some truth in giving us what he thought and felt, and from now on thinkers along this line will have to take into account what Moses Harman has said, has written and has thought along these lines.

And what was his gospel? We have heard this afternoon from many speakers that he believed in free union of man and woman; he believed in free union having as much right to be as legalized marriage. There is a little paragraph here in Mother Earth that tells very well some of his beliefs: He believed marriage should be dissoluble in the will of either party; he believed that no woman should give birth to a child if she did not think it wise; he believed that the term illegitimate applied to the child born out of wedlock was a distinct insult to motherhood. These are some of the things that Moses Harman believed. It was an extreme gospel.

He was an extremist; that was why he was put in jail. But, my friends, it is the extremist, the radical, the man who goes to the roots of things, whose point of view is consistent and who carries his point of view to its extreme, who carries it to the end and is not afraid of anywhere that his logic will carry him. It is

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By Leonard D. Abbott.

My friends, it seems to me that it is only necessary to look at that head of Moses Harman to understand the height and breadth of the man we are celebrating this afternoon. He has the brow of the thinker, he has the clear eye of the honest man, looking you straight in the face.

He was seventy-nine years old; this old warhorse who worked to the end. The last thing he did was to get out his magazine Eugenics. He went to prison four times, and he said to the people

who put him in prison, "You can put me in prison but I will not yield one jot or one iota of what I believe is the truth."

Such men are the salt of the earth; these are the honest men who make our humanity great; these are the men who give our humanity its meaning, its dignity and its strength. Moses Harman's name will live for many reasons. First of all he called our attention to the importance of the sex question. He lifted it out of the impure hush to which so many had consigned it. He made us feel the necessity of free discussion of this great question. There is no question in the universe on which we need to have more free, clean, and conscientious discussion than this question of sex.

He was an authentic type; all the great people of the world are the authentic types. Now what I mean by that is just this: He said what he had to say because it came from his inmost being. He did not say what he said to become famous, to get notoriety, or to go to prison or to do anything of that kind; he said what he said, he wrote what he wrote, because that was the first need of his being—to express these things that he felt.

It is possible, of course, that Mr. Harman did not have the last word of this sex question, for no man sees all the truth. But nevertheless he told what he saw, he told us what he knew, and no man can do more than that, and in doing so he has given us a transcript of an honest man—he has stimulated the whole progress and thought of men along this line.

Truth is born in just this way; just through such men as Moses Harman. There is no such thing in the world as absolute truth, but truth is born gradually; truth becomes truth because people believe it, fight for it, die for it. Moses Harman has given us some truth, has made some truth in giving us what he thought and felt, and from now on thinkers along this line will have to take into account what Moses Harman has said, has written and has thought along these lines.

And what was his gospel? We have heard this afternoon from many speakers that he believed in free union of man and woman; he believed in free union having as much right to be as legalized marriage. There is a little paragraph here in Mother Earth that tells very well some of his beliefs: He believed marriage should be dissoluble in the will of either party; he believed that no woman should give birth to a child if she did not think it wise; he believed that the term illegitimate applied to the child born out of wedlock was a distinct insult to motherhood. These are some of the things that Moses Harman believed. It was an extreme gospel.

He was an extremist; that was why he was put in jail. But, my friends, it is the extremist, the radical, the man who goes to the roots of things, whose point of view is consistent and who carries his point of view to its extreme, who carries it to the end and is not afraid of anywhere that his logic will carry him. It is

these extremists who influence the world most deeply. The great majority of men are not extremists; they probably never will be extremists. Nevertheless it is the extremist, the man who feels a thing to his core, who will fight for it, die for it if necessary—this is the man who influences the world most deeply.

So I say in just that sense Moses Harman was an authentic type—as authentic as the tree or flower that grows out in the field. He was true to his own nature; that is the first law of honest living—to be true to your own nature. He was the sort of extremist who impresses himself upon the whole life of the time. The growth of his fame will be very slow, as some of the speakers have said, but it is very sure.

We have a letter from one of the most interesting men of our time; Bernard Shaw, one of the cleverest men in England today, thought it worth while to write that letter to our colleague. Bernard Shaw sees deeply, as great men have a habit of seeing. It is perhaps this which distinguishes great men from little men—that the great man sees deeply and sees true, and Bernard Shaw knows that Moses Harman was a great man and is willing that the whole world should know it.

I was speaking to another man this week who has a deep regard for Moses Harman and thought him a famous man in this country; this man was Eugene V. Debs. These are the people who are very much in earnest, and they will carry his name onward, and his name will live—I am sure of that.

There is very little published about Moses Harman that is valuable or interesting. We have his daughter Lillian's writings, we have these articles in Mother Earth, and these are the only writings besides these letters. Then his memoirs are being published by his daughter, and these will give us an insight into the spirit of a great man.

I feel proud and privileged to be here and pay my tribute to this splendid man who lived up to his convictions, went to prison for them, and who I am sure would have died for them if necessary.

MOSES HARMAN, THE MAN, FROM THE WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT.

By Dr. Juliet H. Severance.

Moses Harman was and is my friend. I knew him for long years as a co-laborer in the great work of human reform and redemption from the evils of custom and society. Before he moved to Chicago, while yet laboring in Kansas, he endured two terms of imprisonment. I had read his paper, knew his work, but had never met him personally. The first time I met him I well remember. It was when he came to Chicago, and for long years I was very intimately acquainted with him there in his work, and we also met every Sunday at the Society of Anthropology, of which we were both members and occupied the platform more or less.

In the first place, Mr. Harman was a man of the most sterling integrity of character. He was a man fearless, as you all must know that know anything of him. He was in his early life engaged in his first public work as a school teacher, and then he was interested in the great work of the abolition movement, also woman suffrage, and in fact all of those "isms" in which I have been interested in the past, until finally he became particularly interested in what is now very popularly called "Eugenics," but that name had not been attached to it in the early days of our work. Mr. Harman came to believe, as others have also come to believe, that the greatest hope of benefiting the human race is in the perfect self ownership of motherhood, and in the proper generation of children; hence, that was his special work, and in every meeting that he attended, no matter what was the subject under discussion, before Mr. Harman got through he always brought in that subject. He was thoroughly imbued with that idea, and he risked everything for it. I have felt often that the poet rightly expressed Mr. Harman's character and my feelings toward him when he says—

"I honor the man who has courage to sink
Half his present repute for his freedom to think,
And when he has thought be his cause strong or weak

these extremists who influence the world most deeply. The great majority of men are not extremists; they probably never will be extremists. Nevertheless it is the extremist, the man who feels a thing to his core, who will fight for it, die for it if necessary—this is the man who influences the world most deeply.

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Half his present repute for his freedom to think,
And when he has thought be his cause strong or weak

Will sink 'tother half for the freedom to speak.
Caring naught for the vengeance the mob has in store,
Be that mob the upper ten thousand or lower."

Such a man was Moses Harman, and he was always hopeful of the success of his cause. I never heard him complain of any abuse he received. Even in prison he was an uncomplaining man, always hopeful and always seeing the silver lining to the cloud that encompassed him. I remember during his last trial the first and only time that I ever saw him show anything like a disturbance in his equilibrium or anything like temper, and it happened in this wise: I was a witness in the case and in attendance throughout the trial. It happened one day that during the intermission a man whom I had noticed in the early part of the session came into the room, and his appearance was so marked that I inquired who he was. It happened to be McAfee, Comstock's right bower, and I remarked then that he looked the part. During the intermission he came and spoke to Mr. Harman, who had never seen him, though McAfee had seen him. He said, "I am McAfee." Mr. Harman looked daggers at him, and said, "You are the rascal that has made me all this trouble," but in an instant he collected himself and said, "I beg your pardon, Mr. McAfee, I forgot myself. You are living just as true to your organization as I am to mine." So he apologized at once, and that is the only time in all my acquaintance with him that I ever saw him lose his equilibrium.

He was always hopeful, cordial to his friends and an earnest worker for the welfare of humanity at all times. He was an advocate of liberty, and he knew that as long as woman was a sex slave she would generate slaves, for, as in the old days a child born of a slave mother was a slave and one born of a free mother was a free man, so that law holds good in nature as well. From an enslaved motherhood a race of slaves is born, so from a free motherhood a race of freemen might be born, and Moses Harman worked earnestly for a free motherhood. He was imprisoned four times for publishing obscene literature, but I certainly never knew a man in my life that was more free from anything that savored in the least degree of anything low or vile, even in insinuation. He was one of the purest minded men I ever met. It was simply persecution that placed him behind the bars; and yet he went nobly, faithfully about his work as soon as released, not in the least intimidated by anything he had suffered.

Future generations will appreciate Moses Harman far better than the present possibly can, and the present generation appreciates him far more than they have in the past, for at the present time our newspapers and magazines, our professors in colleges and many others are taking the very same positions for which the older reformers have been persecuted and imprisoned and even lost their lives.

I remember a meeting at Mr. Harman's house—the only time I ever met Ida Craddock, a woman who was killed by persecution under the Comstock law. I have often met in various places other speakers that were interested in some great reform, and almost all of them had suffered. There were Bennett, and Heywood, and Lant, Train, and all the early advocates of woman's emancipation from sex slavery, and some of them died for the cause, and yet their works follow them. Even Prof. Zueblin has the courage to declare that a child born out of wedlock is a legitimate child, and that if a woman wants a child she has a perfect right to have that child, irrespective of the law, and a woman's ownership of her body is becoming somewhat popular with the thinkers of the day.

Moses Harman stood for liberty, liberty in every possible direction, and it is only in liberty that these great questions that are agitating the world today can possibly be settled—liberty for investigation, for experimentation, to learn by natural investigation the laws of human life.

Cowley, the poet, asked this question:

"What shall I do to be forever known
And make the age to come mine own?"

Mackay, the people's poet, made this reply:

"What thou shalt do to be forever known
Poet and statesman,
Look with steadfast gaze and see yon shadow in the haze
Far off but coming;
Listen to the moan that sinks and swells in fitful undertone
And give it speech, and give the shadow form,
And see the light now faint and dimly shown
That yet shall shine resplendent after storm
Teach thou their coming, if your soul aspires
To be the foremost in the ranks of fame;
Prepare the way with hands that shall not tire
And voice unfaltering—o'er the earth proclaim
That shadow the roused, the cry, justice for all;
The light, true liberty."

And today Moses Harman lives and loves and works for the same cause of liberty.

TRIBUTE OF LOVE BY EUGENE V. DEBS.

Dear Lillian Harman: Very deeply do I feel touched by your father's death. There is something unspeakably sad to me about the bitter persecution this truly noble man suffered all his life long, and yet I am sure he would not have us yield to sorrow and tears. Perhaps the very cruelties which were his reward were necessary to reveal to us the transcendent greatness of his soul, the sublimity of his character and the spotless whiteness of his life. Truly, Moses

Harman was the incarnation of human nobility and departing has left an example for the ages.

I loved your father and shall always revere his memory.

Enclosed you will find a copy of my humble tribute which I am forwarding by even mail to the Appeal to Reason.

With all loving sympathy and trusting that you may have the strength and fortitude to bear your bereavement as your dear father would have you bear it, I remain, Yours faithfully,

Terre Haute, Ind., Feb. 28. EUGENE V. DEBS.

Moses Harman, Apostle of Freedom.

One of the sweetest, purest and bravest men of the present generation breathed his last on earth a few days ago when Moses Harman fell into his dreamless sleep. All his long life and to the very last he stood staunchly for his principles, his convictions, his ideals. He was as completely forgetful of self as any mortal ever was on this earth. He was brave enough to face without fear all the world's cruel opposition and tender enough to forgive even the enemies who so relentlessly pursued him.

As the editor of Lucifer, Harman's life was a continuous round of poverty, privation and persecution. But he smiled serenely and confidently through it all, his noble brow all aglow with the dawn of the coming day. He was a purist in the most rational sense of that term, and the sexual ignorance and slavery of his age appealed to all his boundless sympathies and stirred to their depths all the vast energies of his splendid intellect and his sturdy manhood. He was an apostle of freedom and light, a warrior in the cause of human regeneration, but all his methods were the methods of sweetness, gentleness and peace. He knew nothing about the ways of harshness and brutality employed by conventional society to keep its victims in darkness and subjection, but strangely enough he was made to feel them all as if to prove that "upon the tenderest heart the deepest shadows fall."

Moses Harman sought with all his soul to spread the light in dark places, to educate the benighted that they might understand that they themselves are the authors of their suffering and sorrow, and for this, for seeking the happiness of humanity, he sat years in a prison cell and endured all the tortures that are inflicted upon all the sweet and tender souls who spend themselves in the great struggle to humanize our race and civilize mankind.

It is not for me to write of the life work of Moses Harman which has made his name immortal. I come only as one of thousands to breathe my word of love and reverence and farewell.

EUGENE V. DEBS.

MOSES HARMAN: A THRENODY.

By James F. Morton, Jr.

And he is gone! Of all the men that moved
Upon this earth, not one with kinder eyes
Beheld his fellows struggling on the path
Where, baffled oft by huge obstructions, awed
By countless perils and by nameless fears,
The multitudes press to the unknown end.
But not as one apart he held his course
Amid the clashing din of conflict. Calm,
Yet firm he stood, envisioning a goal
Of brotherhood and peace, and sowing seed
For larger harvests than the world has dreamed.
He was a man indeed! Of such as he,
But few in many ages come to bless
This world that stones its prophets, crucifies
Its helpers, presses close its crown of thorns
Upon the brows of him that loves it most.
Not his the torture-chamber and the rack,
The fiery trial or the mangling wheel;
Not his beneath the axe to bow his head,
Or gasp for breath beneath an earthen pall.
His was the sterner martyrdom. To live
Long years of witness to the truth; to see
The sword of persecution every hour
Suspended o'er his head: to bear the scoffs
And curses of the witless ones, for whom
He turned from paths of ease; and year by year,
From youth to age, upbore the heavy cross
Of human want and woe. With dauntless zeal,
He cheerily wrought on. When malice bared
Its sharpest fangs to strike, and prison-walls
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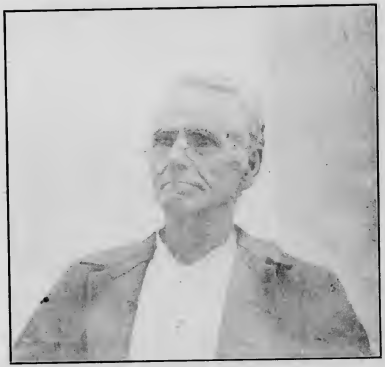
He cheerily wrought on. When malice bared
Its sharpest fangs to strike, and prison-walls
Encompassed him about, the cry went forth

That all was o'er; yet from his narrow cell,
The echoed throbbings of his mighty heart
In strong reverberations shook amain
The pillars of the temple wherein men
Knelt to false gods, while clouds of incense veiled
The sacrifice of innocence to shame.
His faith was firm. On woman's breast he saw
Time's noblest birth, the nurseling, Liberty;
And, seeing, marvelled at a blinded world,
Which sought redemption in the shock of arms,
And wooed fraternity with fratricide;
While Motherhood, earth's true Redeemer, lay
The sacred captive of the ages, praised
In swelling notes by those who forged her chains.
Unequal was the contest which he dared;
The wolves of bigotry and ignorance
Love most to rend the watcher of the fold.
Yet in the name of truth he calmly faced
Their utmost stretch of fury. Far beyond
The little minute's trials, he beheld
The coming dawn of liberty and love.
So wrought he to the end. His noble heart
Has ceased its throbbing; and his ashes lie
Upon the bosom of the kindly earth,
To pass through Nature's wondrous round of change,
In faithful service to eternal law.
His work is done; our work remains to do.
Not by the empty mourning-pageant, best
We honor him, our comrade, but by deeds.
His name is of the few that cannot die.
His mission lives in us, to garner in
The harvest of his sowing. Lo! the field
Is white already; shall the reapers fail?
Behold the vision! In the years to come,
Free men and women, issued from the wombs
Of free and happy mothers, shall escape
The primal curse of greed and strife; and, linked
In sweet fraternal bonds, shall side by side
Possess the earth in peace and joy. We chant
No requiem, but a paean. In the hours
Of conflict yet to come, his memory
Shall edge our swords, and cheer to higher deeds
Our fainting hearts; and when the cause is won,
High on the scroll of honor shall be graved
The name of Harman, prophet, leader, friend.

MOSES HARMAN IN PRISON IN 1895.



When my father was imprisoned at Fort Leavenworth in 1895 he was first put to work in the cellar cleaning vegetables for the kitchen. Conditions were vile, and his health suffered seriously. After some months of this work, he was put in charge of the prison printing office, which was an agreeable change, though his eyes were troubling him a great deal. Later he was given work as nurse in the hospital, which was more to his liking than any other work, for it gave him the opportunity to help his fellow prisoners. He liked to talk with his friends and to write to them, and as these "privileges" were denied him he found some comfort in talking to them through a diary which he kept evidently for the sense of companionship which it gave him. I think his friends will like to read these extracts from the diary, especially those friends who were sending loving thoughts to him at that time.

"Thursday, Aug. 8, 7:30 P. M. Have had an unusually satisfactory day. Have worked on two articles for the magazine and hope I have made progress. Have felt strong and well—except an occasional reminiscence of the trouble at the office. Read Atlantic Monthly and other miscellaneous matter. No letter at all today

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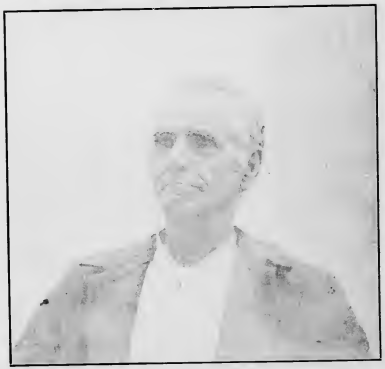

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"Thursday, Aug. 8, 7:30 P. M. Have had an unusually satisfactory day. Have worked on two articles for the magazine and hope I have made progress. Have felt strong and well—except an occasional reminiscence of the trouble at the office. Read Atlantic Monthly and other miscellaneous matter. No letter at all today

A copy of the Topeka Journal is all the mail I have received. Spoke to Capt. Erwin and asked him to get for me an audience with Warden French. Asked Guard Gleason to be allowed to go to the singing class, but failed to get the permission, though promised. The boys seem to be coming in from the class. Well, it is once more time to make down my bed. With a comparatively light heart I say to all friends, near or far away, Good night—Good night—Bless you all—Bless you all. Send me peaceful dreams—sweet messages of love and of hope. Help me to rise renewed in vigor and determination to make my imprisonment count for good for all time. Good night—good night all."

"Friday morning, Aug. 16, '95.—Good morning, Friends. My report this morning is not what I should like to make. Slept but little. No special pain, but wakefulness till midnight or later, then sleep frequently broken. Eyes not feeling very well this morning. 4:30 P. M.—Still not well. Have some fever, I think, all day, some headache though not serious. A good letter from Mrs. Waisbrooker—still in Oregon. Two copies Arena. 7 P. M.—Sent excuse to Superintendent, and am not going to school tonight. Will strip soon and lie down. The cellar is a fearfully bad place to work; floor always wet, and not with clean water. It is never scrubbed and the slush that comes from the washings and drainage of the vegetables becomes horribly offensive. The bins are seldom cleaned out and decaying potatoes, onions and cabbage are always present. What the result will be I do not know. One of the guards who works there has been complaining more than a week of fever and diarrhoea and headache. It is simply malaria from the condition of the cellar. Ate no supper tonight. Went to the table and took a few sips of vinegar and water—nothing else. Bathed head often, and took hand bath in cell two or three times. Read part of B. O. Flower's article on the rights of children, as given in the July Arena. Also read a story in same entitled "Wives Made to Order"—not a bad story, but too much in line with old ideas of life-long partnerships or none. Also read miscellaneously most of the afternoon. And now again, good friends, Good night. Hope for the best always. Send hitherward the benedictions of the higher spheres, Good night—good night. It is now twilight and Cousin —— is doubtless sending her silent messages. Aided by the messages sent by her and by all others who may be thinking of me I hope to be all right by morning light. Give me sweet sleep, good friends. O, send strength and peace to the sad heart of ——. Where, O, where is she now, and what is being done for her? Once more, dear friends, good night. The electric light is just turned on and I will write a few more lines. My eyes seem weaker than usual, especially my right eye. Wish the new warden had control. It may do me no good but I shall hope that he will allow me to wear my beard—also that I will get out of the cellar or that the cellar

will be cleaned and made wholesome. Once more Good night, dear friends, Good night."

[All his life, except the time spent in prison, my father wore a beard. He thought that shaving the upper lip injured the eyes. So it was quite a hardship for him to have the prison rules in regard to shaving enforced. Whatever the cause, his eyes certainly did suffer during his imprisonments.

At the time he was sent to prison he was preparing to issue a quarterly magazine, Our New Humanity, and about half of the first issue was in type. I had been living in Boston and New York for nearly four years, and had not seen my father for that length of time. I was on my way west, with my baby daughter, to visit him, when I received a letter saying he had to go to prison the next day, and asking me to take charge of the office. This I did, and published Lucifer weekly and Our New Humanity quarterly during his imprisonment. According to the prison rules a prisoner could write only one letter a month, and that on one sheet of paper supplied by the prison, and no paper, pen or pencil was allowed in the possession of a prisoner at any time except the monthly writing day, and on that day but the one sheet. And yet every issue of the magazine had one or more articles written by its editor, though they were not signed by him. Of the "two articles" to which he refers one was on "Race Preservation," and was signed "X," yet the author was not unknown to all his readers. But there were serious difficulties in the way of literary work. This diary from which I quote was written in pencil on the margins of a Report of the Kansas Board of World's Fair Managers. Later, when he was in the printing office, it was not quite so difficult to write, but the obstacles in the way of getting the writing out of prison remained.—L. H.]

"Friday, Sept. 6.—Good morning friends. Thanks for good night's sleep and not unpleasant dreams. My eyes seem much the same as usual. Ate stewed tomatoes for supper. They seemed to digest well. Motto for today: "Rescue yourself and take conscious control of your physical and mental organism." 11:40 A. M. Rainy day. A hard one on me. Have done almost nothing. Read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" awhile—also Ingalls' speech—and cleaned up stone, but did no work on job. Got weighed. The weighman said I weigh 136. On same scales they told me it was 143 about a month ago. I think I have lost about fourteen pounds since coming to this prison. My ordinary weight is about 150. No letter delivered to me today. I heard of one and perhaps two in the P. O. and Cook's office. 7:00 P. M. Friday. Got Lucifer for this week, and a letter from Lillian; also a good long one from Jennie Vose Buffington—a remarkable letter. Also letters from Mother and Brother Joseph. Poor old Mother, she seems to be nearly helpless. Good angels bless and sustain her always. A hard day on my eyes. Perhaps it is my fault in good measure. I eat meat thinking it less calcareous and

lime producing, but it is probably too stimulating and feverish. And now again Good night, near friends, good night. Send me sweet sleep and pleasant dreams. Keep guard against evil influences of all sorts while I sleep. Good night all. Bless all my loved ones—all whether friend or foe—Good night, Good night."

"October 11, '95. Friday, 7 P. M. In Hospital. The last day—in the evening—of my sixty-fifth year. Have done but little today. Am nominally taking treatment for carbuncle. Am mending fast I think so far as carbuncle is concerned, but my eyes are quite troublesome. They are very weak and sometimes painful. Have walked a good deal today and have written something for Sunday's letter. Well, well—good friends all—Shall I ever see the close of another year of my life in prison? Hope it is not all in vain. I must close for tonight. My eyes pain me. Good night all—Good night, good night. Send me sweet sleep and pleasant dreams, and if possible send health and strength especially for my eyes. Bless you all—whether in earth life or in the stellar spaces and spheres. Send me your benedictions, your strengthening thoughts, your inspirations, your aspirations, your lofty ideals. Good night once more, good night."

This diary was not written for publication, and I had never read it until after his death. The wonderful thing in his life was his unalterable conviction that he had his work to do and neither love nor hate could turn him from it. He did not know whether he would ever see another birthday in prison, but had he known that the future held another year of prison life and that October 12, 1906, would find him passing another anniversary of his birth behind prison walls, he would have gone on just the same.

I am publishing the picture taken in prison nearly fifteen years ago that his friends may realize as never before, perhaps, the strength of his spirit which could rise above the suffering body and triumph over everything. Charlotte Perkins Stetson's lines seem to belong to him:

"It takes great strength to train
To modern service, our ancestral brain,
To lift the weight of the unnumbered years
Of dead men's habits, methods, and ideas,
To hold that back with one hand and support
With the other, the weak steps of a new thought.
It takes great strength to bring your life up square
With your accepted thought, and hold it there;
Resisting the inertia that drags back
From new attempts, to the old habit's track,
It is so easy to drift back—to sink;
So hard to live abreast of what you think.

"It takes great strength to live where you belong,

When other people think that you are wrong;
People you love, and who love you, and whose
Approval is a pleasure you should choose.
To bear the pressure, and succeed at length
In living your belief—well, it takes strength
And courage. But what does courage mean
Save strength to help you face a pain foreseen;
Courage to undertake this life-long strain
Of setting yours against your grandsire's brain;
Dangerous risk of walking lone and free
Out of the easy path that used to be
And the fierce pain of hurting those we love
When love meets truth and truth must ride above.
But the best courage man has ever shown
Is daring to cut loose and think alone.

"It takes great love to stir a human heart,
To live beyond the others and apart,
A love that is not shallow, is not small,
Is not for one or two, but for them all.
Love that can wound love, for its higher need;
Love that can leave love, though the heart may bleed;
Love that can lose love, family and friend;
Yet steadfastly live, loving to the end.
A love that asks no answer, that can live
Moved by one burning, deathless force to give
Love, strength and courage, courage, strength and love,
The heroes of all time are built thereof."

This, then, was truly the courage, the strength, and the love which sustained and inspired Moses Harman. L. H.

Free thought, to my mind, includes and necessitates free action—free, non-invasive action. The thought that has not the courage of its convictions—that fears to practicalize and live what it believes to be right—is not Free Thought. It is thought under bondage to fear. Yes, I believe in Freedom—equal freedom. I want no freedom for myself that all others may not equally enjoy. Freedom that is not equal is not freedom. It is, or may easily become, invasion, and invasion is the denial or the death of freedom. The Spencerian formula—"Each has the right to do as he pleases so long as he does not invade the equal right of others," tells what freedom means. It is equivalent to saying that liberty, wedded to responsibility for one's acts, is the true and only basis of good conduct, or of morality.—From a Free Man's Creed, by Moses Harman.

THE CHICAGO MEMORIAL MEETING.

Notes by Winifred Harman Walker.

On Sunday, March 27, at 2:30 p. m., in Drill Hall, Masonic Temple, Chicago, friends of Moses Harman met in his memory.

Jonathan Mayo Crane, a well-known liberal and contributor to these pages, called the meeting to order and after Dr. Goldie Kinsella had played a piano selection he announced the object of the meeting and introduced the Rev. Walter Henry MacPherson, pastor of St. Paul's Universalist church. In his introductory remarks Mr. Crane said:

"Millions of people throughout the world today are holding meetings in honor of a convict who was executed, put to death, more than nineteen hundred years ago because he had said, 'The truth shall make you free,' and because he dared to tell the truth as he saw it. Now that convict is worshiped as a god by millions of persons who devote a great part of their time to putting in prisons persons who dare to tell the truth.

"We meet here today to do honor to the memory of another convict who was sent to prison several times because he dared to tell the truth; because he tried to elevate humanity by pointing out the obstacles in the way of race improvement; because he dared to insist on the right of every child to be well born; because he dared to insist that every woman should have the right of control of her own body within as well as outside of wedlock.

"It is peculiarly fitting that we should hold these services today, for Easter day in the Christian church is the anniversary of the supposed resurrection of Jesus. But the celebration antedates Christianity. It was an old pagan festival in celebration of the annual rejuvenation of the earth, of the resurrection of life from the grave of winter.

"Moses Harman stood for the resurrection of human life from the grave of ignorance and superstition—for a new and better humanity. He stood for the resurrection of cleanliness of sex from the grave of filth and obscenity. Yet, like the man of Galilee, he was misunderstood and despised and persecuted by the modern pharisees and sent to prison on the charge of publishing obscene literature. We who

knew Moses Harman best know his immaculate mind was incapable of harboring an obscene thought. We know that if anything was holy to him it was sex; if anything was dear to him it was truth and justice.

"He was the pioneer of the eugenics movement in America. He believed the most important of all rights is the right to be born well. He believed in and labored for the enfranchisement of women from sexual slavery. He believed it was an outrage and a crime for a woman to be compelled to have an undesired child.

"Because he advocated these things in his paper a jury and a judge held that he was publishing obscene literature. We know that the obscenity was in the minds of the judge and the jurors, not in his paper. Since he was imprisoned interest in the cause of eugenics has spread. Eminent sociologists and physicians are now publishing books and writing magazine articles on the subject in language as plain as that which the court held to be obscene when used by Moses Harman.

"We may not believe in the resurrection in the literal sense so long taught by the Christian church, but we feel assured that Moses Harman still lives in the eugenics movement to which he gave so much impetus. We feel that he will ever live and that history will write his name with that of Charles Darwin and Luther Burbank as one of the trinity of men who gave the greatest impulse to the movement for the improvement of the human race.

"Moses Harman was born a Methodist and was licensed to preach, but his honest and discriminating mind soon revolted at the theology current in his day and he became an agnostic. He hoped for and believed in conscious existence after the dissolution of the body, although he admitted that he had no basis for his belief except his hope and his intense love of life. I am glad we have here today a minister who knew Moses Harman and who admired him. I will now call on the Rev. Walter Henry MacPherson of St. Paul's Universalist church to address you."

Mr. MacPherson is a young minister of strong personal magnetism and is a forceful speaker. He is particularly interested in boys and is the founder of "Boyville," an organization affiliated with St. Paul's church, which has its mayor, court and policemen and is governed entirely by boys under his kindly and unobtrusive supervision. It has done much to take boys from the evil influences of the streets and to instill in their minds the essence of good citizenship.

He spoke about fifteen minutes in eulogy of Moses Harman, who, he said, like the man of Galilee, went about doing good. He told of going to see Mr. Harman in the Chicago jail and counted it an honor to have become personally acquainted with a man who unselfishly endured persecution and imprisonment for the sake of a cause so vital to humanity.

Parker H. Sercombe, editor of "Tomorrow" and founder of the

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Parker H. Sercombe, editor of "Tomorrow" and founder of the

"School of Correct Thinking," spoke in praise of Mr. Harman's work and in general defense of the right of freedom of thought and speech.

Herman Kuehn told of the influence of Mr. Harman on public opinion.

"It may be," he said, "that some of you think his life was a failure and that his mission was unsuccessful, but I tell you if any man ever was successful, Moses Harman was successful. He fought against great odds, against the accumulated ignorance and prejudice of centuries, and he won. It is true he was sent to prison by the powers of ignorance, but the seed which he sowed bore fruit. The right for which he contended is now generally recognized. Newspapers and magazines now are discussing the eugenics movement. Eminent men are writing and publishing books on the subject. Preachers are preaching it in the pulpits, and I tell you Judge Landis would not dare now to convict a man for publishing what Moses Harman was convicted for publishing."

Walter Hurt, of Williamsburg, Ohio, journalist, novelist, poet and sociologist, who was unable to be present, sent the following appreciative letter and poem:

"Moses Harman, who suffered so much that men and women might be free, has himself entered into the wider freedom. He is free at last from the persecutions of misguided men. He has passed from the jurisdiction of ignorant courts, beyond the province of earth's cruel prisons.

"He was one of the gentlest souls that ever blessed the world for the betterment of mankind. In him were blended the tenderness of a woman and the spirit of a cavalier. He was a humanitarian, a philosopher, and a white-souled gentleman.

"When he went to jail he made it a place of honor, and his cell became a shrine.

"His soul transcended all tribulations and remained serene through every storm, for he knew that Justice is clear-eyed and far-visioned always and that only those men who ravish her are blind.

"His character is a precedent, his example an inspiration.

"In my wish to honor fitly the memory of a man whom I so greatly honored in life I feel that I can say no better word than that which I once wrote of him in the years of yore: 'His contemporaries have made Moses Harman a martyr; history will write him a hero.'

"There was no touch of tragedy in his passing in the autumn of age, with life's season well spent in fruitful labor. It was a stopping to rest at the end of the journey, a dropping to sleep at the close of the day.

"This is not death; it is only departure. Beyond Time's transmutations, above the dust of decay, Moses Harman is immortal. He lives eternally in the imperishable consequences of the work he has wrought."

Memoria in Aeterna.

(To Moses Harman.)

Eternal now in Death's embrace,
And done with doing good,
The hands that helped to lift the race
To higher humanhood.

We gently fold them o'er his breast
In peace so fully won,
For they have amply earned their rest
With duties nobly done.

His harvest finished, on his bier
No flowers should flaunt our grief,
But let each mourner's farewell tear
Fall on a ripened sheaf.

Within stern Duty's stony ways
He journeyed long and late,
To drop the burden of his days
Beside the Guarded Gate.

A pilgrimage without an end
He now has entered on,
For souls eternally ascend
To meet the Deathless Dawn.

His aspirations soared until,
Escaped earth's prison bars,
His splendid spirit, mounting still,
Had climbed the stairs of stars.

With lighter step and swift he goes
Pleiadean paths along,
Emancipate from worldly woes,
Exempt from earthly wrong.

Now passed beyond the Portals Pale,
And crowned with immortelles,
Within Valhalla's deathless vale
The vanished hero dwells.

* * * * * *

Let us proclaim this pregnant hour
It is our sacred trust

To see that Freedom's fairest flower
Shall bourgeon from his dust.

Above his grave new hopes are born,
That coming mortals may
Find Reason's resurrection morn
Dates from this Easter Day.

WALTER HURT.

Other letters, including one from Professor Edgar Lucien Larkin, director of the Lowe observatory and writer on astronomical and sociological subjects, were read by the chairman.

The closing address was made by Mrs. Huldah Potter-Loomis, who expressed her admiration for the work done by Moses Harman for the emancipation of woman from sexual slavery, and for the cause of freedom of discussion of the vital problems of life and society.

It is unfortunate that no stenographer was present to report the speeches in full, so this meager report is all that can be made. I am glad I was able to be at this memorial meeting, which brought to my mind all the time that other meeting, three years ago, in the same hall, when my grandfather's friends and admirers met him on his return from prison. How I wished that he could be with us now, as then. And I felt great regret to think that I really knew him so little; that I had not been enabled to spend more of my life with him. I remembered how he used to take me on his lap and sing the old songs to me that he had sung to my mother when she was a little girl, and I remembered his never-failing gentleness and courtesy to every one, a courtesy which was as great to me, a little child, as to the most important of his older friends. Indeed, he had no "company manners." He was fond of quoting Oliver Wendell Holmes' saying that it is necessary to begin with the grandfather. I am very grateful to him for beginning with my grandfather, and giving me such a high ideal of true manhood.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF MOSES HARMAN.

By Edgar Lucien Larkin.

This good man and great made me a visit here in the Observatory in 1907. I well remember now at this writing how he admired the great telescope, the spectroscope and all the other complex instruments. And the dome: he wished to have its mechanism of rotation explained; and all details of making an astronomical observation. The sun was viewed in the telescope and its apparent motion across the field of view. When told that this rapid speed was not that of the sun, but actually was the rotation of the earth on its axis, his mind was deeply impressed with the majesty and sublimity of this wonderful motion of the earth, our home in cosmic space. And it is

a certain indication of a refined mind to be awed and impressed by this revolution of the terrestrial globe. And the venerable man was fascinated with the nine hundred square miles of flower and fruit laden plains far and away below the observatory, even from the mountain's base to the sea. His vision lingered long upon this splendid area, and upon the orange orchards, the acacias, magnolias and eucalyptus. Mr. Harman told me minute details of his varied, interesting and now historic career. To me, the story was of intense value, as it revealed the workings of a mind, that of a man face to face, of one of the world's emancipators. History is full of accounts of great liberators. I had read these; but when I talked with one in my own home, the entire aspect and bearings of the case were changed. I have been with Moses Harman a score of times since, and under many circumstances, but never without the impression that I was standing in the presence of one whose entire ambition in life was to free slaves. And I was never with him, without always thinking of Abraham Lincoln. And now as I write, the impression that Harman was like Lincoln in many traits of mind, and more nearly like him in gigantic world work is as strong as it was when I was talking with him beneath the observatory dome on the mountain. Lincoln liberated four million humans from ordinary slavery and set them free. But Harman set the ball rolling, established movement, and inaugurated a colossal work which will in due time liberate nearer four hundred million slaves—all women—enduring servitude of body and also mind, a galling type of slavery beside which ordinary slavery is insignificant in severity. Within one hundred years after the passing of Moses Harman, all women in "civilized" nations will possibly hear that they are no longer owned. The huge life-work of Harman has not been wrought in vain. The giant iniquity of all past centuries, that ancient crime—ownership of women—will be wiped out. I told Mr. Harman once in his office in Los Angeles that were I a judge and he a prisoner at bay, at bar before me, convicted of any effort to make women free, rather than sentence him to prison, I would resign. For the memory of the great and good Harman will live and grow brighter even after the court house in which he was tried and the prison in which he languished and suffered shall have crumbled into dust and been blown away by the winds. The women of the world freed from the rusty shackles of the ages will in the fullness of time rear a monument of marble to the perpetual honor of their liberator.

Lowe Observatory, Echo Mountain, California, U. S. A.
April 7, 1910.

MOSES HARMAN.

Appreciations.

I wonder if we who sometimes scoff at religion do not forget that the quintessence of religion is zeal. Religion does not consist in a belief in God or in gods. It may be a belief in any thing that inspires zeal. In this sense, and in this alone, Moses Harman was religious.

Born of Methodist parents on October 12, 1830, in Pendleton County, Virginia (now West Virginia), Moses joined the church at the age of sixteen, and was licensed to preach before he was twenty. His clear mind and his intense love of justice soon led him to disbelieve in a god who would punish his erring children by endless torment, and he became an agnostic. It was his rugged honesty and his love of humanity which drove him from the church.

But his loss of faith in theology did not quench his fervent zeal which continued to blaze as a consuming fire until the day of his death, which occurred at Los Angeles, Cal., on January 30, 1910.

One of the most offensive things to his sense of justice was the economic and sexual slavery of women. He held that belief in the Bible had done more than anything else to perpetuate this slavery.

If any thing was holy to him it was humanity. If any rite was a sacrament it was that which brings human beings into existence. From his early manhood sex was to him an object of reverence. I knew him intimately for nearly twenty years, and I never knew him to tell what is called a "smutty" story or jest about the sex relations. I never knew a man who had a higher respect for women and maternity.

Yet this clean-minded prophet of a better day, this man crying in a wilderness of filth for a just and sane regard for sex, was twice sent to the penitentiary on conviction of sending obscene literature through the mails. But it is safe to say that in each case the obscenity was in the minds of the judges, jurors, and prosecutors who could see nothing but filth in the sane discussion of sex.

For more than twenty years he published a weekly paper called Lucifer, the Light Bearer, which was devoted to the cause of the sexual emancipation of women. He contended, "We can never have a race of free human beings so long as the mothers are slaves." The language of his editorials was invariably inoffensive as to its words. Both times he was convicted not on what he had written, but on articles contributed to his paper by others. It is my opinion that he was convicted not because the prosecutors believed these articles were obscene, but because Mr. Harman attacked institutional marriage.

He believed marriage should be dissoluble at the will of either party to the contract. He believed no woman should ever give birth to an undesired child. He believed that the term "illegitimate" applied to a child born out of wedlock was a dastardly insult to motherhood. Above all, he contended that a woman should have the sole right to the control of her person either in or out of wedlock.

A few years ago he changed the name of Lucifer to The American Journal of Eugenics. He was the pioneer of the eugenics movement in America. Since he adopted the new name for his magazine the eugenics movement has spread rapidly. It has been taken up by college professors and sociologists, and many books have been published without molestation which contain matter that would have been adjudged obscene if it had been published by Mr. Harman. For, even in such books as those written by Prof. W. I. Thomas, Elsie Clew Parsons, C. B. Davenport, and Luther Burbank, the logic of eugenics points clearly at the injustice of indissoluble marriage.

In his love of justice and liberty and his hatred of tyranny, Moses Harman in the latter years of his life refused to take part in government. He was practically an Anarchist, although he indorsed many of the liberal views of the Socialists. His objection to Socialism was that the wrongs which it combats cannot be righted by legislation.

He was a strong lover of life and felt confident of continued existence after the dissolution of the body. His mind was remarkably clear, but he was the zealous apostle of a heart conviction for justice rather than a scientific exponent of eugenics. Contending for the liberty to express his own beliefs, he demanded the same right for others whose views did not agree with his.

Moses Harman married twice and was twice a widower. By his first wife he had two children, who survive him. They are George Harman, a publisher at Valley Falls, Kansas, and Lillian Harman, of Chicago.—Jonathan Mayo Crane, in Mother Earth.

The news of the sudden death of Moses Harman came as a violent shock to those who had long been prepared for such an event. So long had he stood out, a majestic figure, crowned with the snowy locks of age, with brow furrowed by the harsh experiences which fall ever to the lot of those who best serve their kind, slightly bowed and lame, but with the flashing eye and the firm voice of perfect manhood, which knows no limitations of age, that we could scarcely realize that he had passed from us. His was a place which could be filled by no other. In thorough sympathy with every movement that makes for liberty, he was possessed of the intense conviction that the bringing to pass of a free motherhood was of all great steps of progress the one most essential to the human race. Other sincere and devoted libertarians may believe that the chief stress should be laid on the economic, the anti-clerical, the political, the educational, the revolutionary, or some other side of the great struggle for human emancipation; but Moses Harman has wrought so ef-

ficiently in his many years of labor that the day is past when the sex question can be thrust into the background as an unimportant and incidental matter.

Seldom does any age give birth to a human being capable of so completely absorbing himself in a great cause as was Moses Harman. Of brief and glorious martyrdoms we have had many, furnishing their inspiration to those who were to follow; and we have many instances of an intense activity for a limited period of time. Some, too, have devoted their entire lives to the work in which they thoroughly believed. What distinguished Harman, however, was not merely his continuity of service, nor his intrepidity of spirit, but more especially his marked selflessness. The self-dedicator is commonly found among those who are either fanatics or egoists. Moses Harman was neither. He was no fanatic, but one who maintained a broad outlook, and was ever ready to render the completest acknowledgement and tribute to those who were laboring in other fields than his own. He was singularly free from dogmatism, and insistent on the necessity of keeping the mind ever open for the introduction of newly discovered truth. He trusted the principle of liberty, as few have done, not attempting to prescribe the most fitting course for free men and women to follow, but showing that the lessons of liberty must be learned in liberty. He was always ready and eager to let the other side be fully heard. If he erred at all as an editor, it was in carrying editorial hospitality to excess. It was his habit to take his readers into counsel on nearly every matter relating to the management of Lucifer and Eugenics, treating the paper or magazine as theirs no less than his, and himself as merely the instrument for doing the common work. While the literary tone of the publication often suffered, and many of his best friends blamed him for lack of a business sense, the advantage of the free forum for interchange of ideas among the radicals of the country can hardly be overestimated.

His personality was important to him only as representing his principles. When the propaganda of liberty seemed to call for it, he would detail his own history, or describe his own labors or sufferings, in exactly the same detached and impartial manner in which he would write of the work of experiences of any other worker. He was eminently teachable, and eager to learn from others, ready to correct a mistake, and in the frankest way to admit an error. I have never known a nature more free from any tendency toward personal animosities. While persecuted with a virulent malevolence by men not worthy to loose the latchet of his shoe, he was never betrayed into violent abuse of them. His inclination was rather to find excuses for their warped mental attitudes. On one occasion, as he himself related more than half-regretfully, he was badgered by the unspeakable sleuth-hound McAfee into telling that loathsome understudy of Comstock to his face that although a Federal prison again

stared him in the face, he would a thousand times rather pass through even hotter fires of persecution than exchange places with the bloodhound who was gloating over him. The stern denunciation might well have seemed to the coarse persecutor like the voice of his own conscience forwarning him of the measureless obloquy with which history ever covers creatures of his type. It was the voice of justice that spoke through Harman at that moment, rather than the mere personal resentment of an injured victim; and that voice may well have followed the wretched McAfee to the grave. We who have known and loved Moses Harman feel no regret that, for once in his life, even his gentle soul could not restrain the outcry of outraged right. May the echoes of that condemnation pass from the hireling, and ring in the ears of the master-knave, Anthony Comstock, the hater of free speech and honest search for truth.

With the solitary exception mentioned, Moses Harman seemed almost incredibly free from resentment, and ready to show kindness to all. Even those pseudo-liberals who basely shirked their duty in the hour of persecution, and even some who yet more basely stabbed him in the back, were met with gentle forgiveness. Even among those who place Free Thought first in the order of things to be striven for, a black stain will forever rest on the memory of H. L. Green for his mean and dishonest treatment of Harman, in the controversy that arose after the death of Putnam. Yet after Green had done his worst, Moses Harman contented himself with a mild refutation of the position taken by the recreant Liberal editor, and actually wound up by assuring his readers that while Green had unfortunately taken an indefensible position on the particular question concerned, his publication was of very great value, and should be read by all liberals; and although Green, in a most insulting and contemptible letter, had declined to exchange further with him, he concluded by giving the address and price of Green's periodical, and advising all his readers to subscribe for it. It is doubtful if any parallel to this incident can be produced; but nobody who knew Moses Harman can regard it as other than entirely characteristic of him.

I am using the limited space here to give merely a faint appreciation of Moses Harman, and hence have not ventured to give even a synopsis of his life story. His daughter Lillian is preparing the materials for the thorough biography which will be craved by all who have followed in ever so slight a degree the career of this great pioneer in freedom's cause. His several imprisonments are familiar to most readers of Mother Earth; and there can be little doubt that his end, which to many of us seemed premature even at eighty, was materially hastened by the unpardonable abuses heaped on him during his last term. Yet at no time did he pose as a martyr. He was fearless, but devoid of all bravado. He never issued a defiance, merely for the sake of showing his courage or unnecessarily inviting persecution. He simply and quietly did the thing which seemed to

him right and hence, to his straightforward mind, inevitable, and calmly accepted the consequences, be they what they might. It is without disparagement to any living, nor attempt at unwarranted hero-worship, that I lay this slight offering of appreciation at the shrine of his memory, and express the certain conviction that "we ne'er shall look upon his like again."—James F. Morton, Jr., in Mother Earth.

OUR TRIBUTE TO MOSES HARMAN.

We are from India, the country passing through a stage of transition. We call ourselves the Indian Nationalists and our program is the attainment of perfect manhood and womanhood through liberty of our people. We had the pleasure of meeting Moses Harman. The grand old man and fighter for the cause of perfection of the human race impressed us as an apostle of truth. His untiring zeal and eagerness to explain his divine mission made us feel the deep-rooted sincerity of his purpose. The time has come when we must study sexual pathology, requirements of marriage and how to produce a better set of citizens. Marriage is regarded mostly now-a-days as a matter of sexual barter and the female sex has been made subject to this brutal despotism. This calamity can be averted only by rousing the finer human instincts among us especially the female sex. Moses Harman did his best to carry the torch of light to the world at large and he, like all martyrs, underwent persecutions. Moses Harman is gone from our midst leaving a standing memory. We are believers in the eternal law of progress and we predict that our future generation will show their appreciation by practicing the most liberal and ennobling truth preached bravely by the departed soul of Moses Harman. May his mission be successful.

TARAKNATH DAS,
Editor, The Free Hindusthan.
749 Third Ave., New York City.

LETTER FROM DOCTOR ALICE B. STOCKHAM.

Dear Lillian: Strangely enough I heard of your father's birth into a new life while taking supper at Mortimers in Chicago with two of his friends, Bertha Corbett and Bertha Johnson. I intended writing you at once, but between the illness of my daughter and subsequent visit to Fairhope, Ala., was greatly occupied. Upon my arrival here one week since I found Eugenics and the loving testimonial to the dear father. Yes, he was a true, courageous man, pure in heart and staunch in principle. Many of his friends even could not peer into the future and know the needs of the race as he did. It seems pathetic that there is a limit to the work of such a man, only that we know so well that any reform or any good work is not dependent upon one man. Do you read Current Literature? In November or December number there was an account of a great movement in Germany for free motherhood, so great that they had delegated conventions representing over 100 societies in interest of the cause.

Then in April number just out is a review of a book devoted to Ibsen's women by a Norwegian woman named Key. Be sure and read it.

There is no death and I believe in the continued personal existence and that in that existence one is freed from fleshly limitations as well as the chains of superstition and tradition.

Thine verily,
A. B. STOCKHAM.

THE BOSTON GLOBE SPEAKS.

Under the caption "Moses Harman," the Boston Globe of March 29, said editorially:

There was once a man who believed that at least as much attention ought to be paid to the production of a physically fit human race as to the breeding of cattle, horses and sheep. Many other people thought as he did, but did not dare to say so.

Moses Harman dared. For his daring he was rewarded with terms of imprisonment in Joliet and Leavenworth. An old man, he had in early life pleaded for the freedom of the negro slave, and early and late advocated woman suffrage.

From a felon's cell he passed back into the daylight of the world, unbroken in spirit but broken in health, for he soon moved on to "join the innumerable caravan."

Last Sunday night in New York men and women who knew the purity of his motives assembled to do him the justice of proclaiming their admiration for his courage and their reprobation of postal laws which have been condemned by many fair-minded men, and more than once arraigned by Hon. Champ Clark, the democratic leader of the national house of representatives.

The case of Moses Harman gave George Bernard Shaw an opportunity of writing a letter which contained not a few sneers at what he is pleased to call invasions of personal liberty in the United States.

Bolton Hall, the author, told of Harman's love of his fellow beings.

But even before he died, the vindication of Moses Harman was apparent in the writings and speeches of men and women of education and refinement, who have expressed their belief in scientific eugenics. That the propagation of the human race should be conducted without regard to the physical fitness of the race becomes more absurd every day.

That a man should be sent to prison four times for printing in a little monthly magazine his opinions on the subject does not seem

right. We hope the laws of our country are not so unjust as they appear to be.

EUGENICS—PRESENT AND FUTURE.

When I received the telegram announcing the death of my father I did not know in what condition he left the magazine, but I knew it must be attended to at once, and I came immediately. I found the Jan.-Feb. number completed and partly mailed. I had a leaflet announcing his death printed and mailed with the remaining copies. I had to decide so hastily that I could not be entirely sure what would be best to do, but I thought I could get out one number before the memorial meetings. This however, on further consideration seemed impracticable. The work has been done under many disadvantages. It was necessary to vacate the quarters which my father had occupied. The Doctors Hunter, in whose bungalow they were, told me to not inconvenience myself, and were most kind in every way, but they had use for the place and I did not wish to impose on their kindness, so I went to work immediately after the magazine was mailed, and assorted, packed and stored all the books and papers. This was a hard and painful task, and the lack of office facilities has made the work of attending to correspondence and preparation of manuscript rather difficult. I have been examining the situation and have the matter of removal to California under serious consideration; but as it will be necessary for me to return to Chicago now even though we may come here later, it did not seem advisable to establish another office for the short time it would be needed. Another reason for the delay is that I hoped to be able to make a definite announcement as to the future of **Eugenics,** and the date of its next appearance. This I am still unable to do. While I believe that the time is more propitious now than ever before for such a magazine as Eugenics, and that it would be possible to put it on a self-sustaining basis, I do not feel that I shall have the time during the next year, at least, to devote to it that it should have. I feel that the history of my father's life and work has already been too long neglected, and it would still be neglected if my time should be divided between it, the magazine, and my family. There is an immense amount of reading and selecting to be done, before I can even begin the work of compilation. I am not able to give my undivided attention to literary work, as was my father, for my children and my home require their share of my time. It is possible that copartnerships will be effected which will insure the regular appearance of **Eugenics,** but the plans are too unsettled at present to enable me to make any definite announcement. The only thing of which I am certain is that my father's book will be published if I live. Of the time, I am not certain. I do not think that even under the most favorable circumstances I could have it

ready for publication in less than a year, and if we make the move to California which we contemplate it will probably involve additional delay.

I shall be glad to receive subscriptions for my father's book, but it is not necessary to send the money now. Subscriptions have been taken at a dollar, but I do not think it can be published at that price. It will be larger than the author contemplated, and will sell at $1.50.

When I advertised this memorial at ten cents I thought it would be light enough to send for one cent postage. It is necessary, I find, to make it even larger than the regular size of **Eugenics,** and it will cost three cents' postage. The pictures, also, increases the cost materially, and so ten cents will not even cover the actual cost of a copy. Hence the price is increased to 25 cents a copy. Of course the orders which were received before publication will be filled for ten cents a copy, but I hope enough orders at 25 cents will be received to enable us to pay the cost of the edition.

With this Memorial, **Eugenics** will be suspended for a time, the duration of which it is impossible to announce. I hope that publication will be resumed under more favorable auspices. In the meantime, those subscribers whose subscriptions are paid in advance, and who are not satisfied to wait for resumption of publication, will please communicate with me. I trust that the friends whose subscriptions are in arrears will remit promptly, for the money is needed to pay for the publication of this magazine. The date of the expiration of each subscription will be found on the wrapper.

A great deal of important matter is crowded out. I had hoped to reprint the New York newspaper reports of the Memorial Meeting in that city at which the speeches by Bolton Hall, Leonard D. Abbott, Theodore Schroeder, Mrs. E. M. Murray, Gilbert E. Roe, Dr. Juliet H. Severance, Moses Oppenheimer, and the poem by James F. Morton, which appear in this magazine, were given. The New York "Times" gave a column to a very good report, headed "Admirers Extol Harman as Martyr." Good reports appeared in Chicago, Los Angeles, and many other papers. Alice Stone Blackwell gave a very appreciative account of his life, work and death, in the Woman's Journal, which I hoped to reprint. Now the pages are full, and so much must be left unsaid. I hope to hear from every one who reads these lines. Can you help to circulate this issue? And do you want the American Journal of Eugenics to live? If so, what can and will you do?

This issue is printed at Los Angeles. I shall return to Chicago as soon as it is mailed, and hope to be there about May 25th. Shall be glad to see any of our friends at the old home, 1532 Fulton street, Chicago.

LILLIAN HARMAN.

"THE DEAR LOVE OF COMRADES."

Bolton Hall, New York.—When my own father passed away, I felt that his life was fulfilled and that his quiet death was no real change for him, nor even for me. There never was a more well-rounded life than your father's and much as we shall miss him in the fight, I feel, as I look at his pictnre (one of the three pictures that hang in my office), that the real Moses Harman is with us still.

Loretta Mann Hammond, Lake Helen, Fla.—Your letter received, also copy of Eugenics, the last of Moses Harman's work, which I shall keep as long as I live. He was a tower of strength, as well as loving sympathy. The silence, unbroken by his voice, will become more and more oppressive. I found it so after Dr. Hammond passed away. But we had come to consider death only passing into another room, as it were. But after a while that silence seemed terrible. "Only a thin veil between" was a very thick veil to me. I have often heard from him since, through mediums. Perhaps you have not this hope and solace.

M. Florence Johnson.—I know how much yon miss your father. Few women have been so closely associated in work and ideals with their fathers as you were with yours, so few can realize your sense of loss. How glad I am that he lived so long; that he kept you with him when you were a child; that you grew up in his work and under his love and care. I am glad, too, that he did not snffer the pangs of a long illness, and that he could work to the last. His work was his alone, it seemed sometimes, and the more he was abused by those he tried to save the more he saw the need of contlnned effort. The beauty of his life and your relationship will help you even in your loss. I know, for I, too, lost my father, you know. How fortunate we were to have fathers worthy the name; fathers who helped us to advance thought. We have something worth remembering when we think of our fathers.

Lillie D. White.—How sad it is that you could not have gone to your father in time to see and talk with him. It is characteristic of his infinite hope and strength that he thought it unnecessary to send for you—that he "might get well." What a wonderful evidence of his marvelous mental strength and activity that the edition of his brain child that he had got ready to send out to his readers carried with it the news of his death. He surely enough literally died in the harness. It is well to die so, without long suffering, but I can imagine what a comfort it would have been to you if he could have lived until you reached him.

Adolph Wonneberg, Olathe, Kans.—What can I say that will fully and fittingly gauge the greatness of the labors of our departed friend, Moses Harman? Nothing. I will not attempt that. From my point of view nothing is of more importance to mankind than knowledge pertaining to good generation. Oliver Wendell Holmes has been credited with saying that to produce the best child, capable of the highest development, it is necessary to begin with his great-grandparents. Moses Harman was a clear thinker. He saw the truth and he stood up for it. The chains of conventionality were not strong enough to bind him. The "disgrace" attending incarceration was not sufficiently powerful to restrain him from obeying the call to dnty. It was my privilege to be personally acquainted with him and it will always give me pleasure to testify to his worth.

Harry Boland, Philadelphia, Pa.—Surely there is no place for grief in the loss of your dear father. After such a life of unselfish devotion to the uplifting of the race, we may well feel elated that the work which he brought to fruition is to continue to grow. My best thoughts are with you in these hours. I owe much enlightenment to your father's pen. Lucifer was, verily, a light bringer to me.

Mrs. Sarah Stone Rockhill, Alliance, O.—How can I refrain from offering yon my heartfelt sympathy in the so sudden exit of your noble father, of whom you have so truly said, "This clean white spirit, this true friend, this brave soldier of peace, and freedom, and love"? How grandly has he accomplished his life's work and died in the field with his face to the foe. All honor to his brave, honest soul. Surely the future will—when it knows of his work and persecutions—give him tardy recognition for his unprecedented devotion to the cause of the world's upliftment through better relations of the sexes in parenthood. This last number of Eugenics, "his last work," is the best, showing his unconquerable soul. Though the body failed and dropped, the soul went on. I have felt I could not drop out while Moses struggled on, but my age and especially frail health admonish me that I must some time, though my spirit says never give up. I hope and believe that younger and stronger hands will carry on the work so nobly and so faithfully begun by the beloved brother Harman.

George E. Macdonald, New York.—I miss your father, though I was not personally acquainted with him. As I said to Walker, it doesn't seem like the same old world without Moses in it.

Bettie M. Roberts, Miller, Mo.—In due time I received my copy of Eugenics containing the sad, sad news of the death of your brave, good father and woman's best friend. Turn which way I may I do not know where I can find one who has struck such manly blows for woman and, through her, for the race. The more I observe as I grow older, the more firmly am I convinced that the enslavement of woman to man politically, sexually and mentally is the curse of the world. Surely no one more than your father has been "digging for bedrock," and to him I believe (though I never had the pleasure and honor of knowing him personally), notwithstanding he was misrepresented, misunderstood and terribly persecuted, it was the easiest way. He could endure all that was heaped upon him better than he could keep silent when duty bade him speak. I believe he was correct in his theory that "the ascent of life is the ascent of the ideal."

A. L. Gunst, New York.—It was not a surprise to me to hear that your dearly loved father passed away. I seemed to feel intnitively that his health was poorer than he cared to admit. In this bereavement I extend my heartfelt sympathy to you and your father's cause, and trust that the memory of his noble life will ever be an inspiration and help to you, and as far as it lies within your power to try to keep Eugenics before the public. In Moses Harman the world has truly lost one of its noblest friends and helpers, but, as we see in all history, those who tell the truth to the world are generally crucified and scorned, so your father was no exception.

Mrs. J. N. Lake, Elmira, N. Y.—When I received my last copy of Eugenics and found the news of the passing on of this noble friend, whom I had learned to love and respect most profoundly, it brought the warm tears to my eyes; selfish tears, for I felt a personal loss. But I do not cherish that feeling, for I know it is better for him to take possession of the beautiful spirit body which he had builded for himself, and leave the poor, tired physical body. But yon, dear brave heart that you are, I think I understand something about your loneliness, for I have parted with many of my dear ones. I want the magazine as long as it is published; also I want the book when it is done.

Lucinda B. Chandler, Irving Park, Ill.—I am glad your father did not have a long period of suffering. He was one of the noble, strong souls who are an honor and uplift to humanity. I hope you will receive all the help you need.

Florence P. Buswell, Watsonville, Cal.—It was with great sorrow that we read of the passing out of your father. We feel the loss as that of a dearly loved and honored friend, whose place may never be filled. Many must feel so, and many must feel, with me, regret that his way was made so hard by the prejudiced and narrow-minded. You have my heartfelt sympathy in your loss, and yet you have the consolation of knowing how great his work in life has been, and appreciating it to the full, and it is a work which must surely live after him. With sincere sympathy, and the hope that your way may never be as thorny as his.

J. Bunyan Garrison, Oklahoma City, Okla.—I have just learned of the passing of your dear father, who was just as much a martyr to the cause of freedom of

speech and press and love and peace as if he had been burned to death at the stake. I never met him personally, but through his writings I felt a personal friendship and love for his character and views.

G. Major Taber, Los Angeles, Cal.—I hope the friends of your dear father will help you continue Eugenics. He is not dead, but is with you still.

B. F. Cheney, Chicago, Ill.—I was sorry to learn of the death of your father. He had a hard struggle with the "powers that be." Legalized robbers of all kinds opposed him in every way they could. Such is the lot of any man or woman who advocates unpopular ideas. The exploiters fear the truth and oppose justice. Their aim is oppression and plunder. Moses Harman was for truth and justice. I think humanity owes him a debt of gratitude.

Sara Crist Campbell, Shawnee, Okla.—You write so nearly like your father that I began reading your letter under the impression that it was from him. When I came to reference to the telegram I didn't understand, and turned the paper over to make sure it was from him. When it finally dawned on me that Moses Harman had gone from this life, I was much pained at first; then, when I thought of his hard life and realized that now he could rest, I felt better about it. I hope Eugenics can always be published. It has no equal, and I have always thought it lost none of its good qualities when you were editor.

Fannie M. Daniels, Anadarko, Okla.—When your letter was handed to me I knew your writing, but little did I think what news therein I'd find. I just sat down and cried. I couldn't help it. We had not received a copy of Eugenics since some time in the summer, hence knew nothing of your dear old father's death. It is very seldom I am aroused to tears; but to know him and see him in his daily routine, as I did the summer I spent at your home, was to love him, even aside from his noble work. And to know that he could not see you in his last hours is heart-rending, indeed.

Henry W. Youmans, Clovis, N. M.—I am so glad that I had the pleasure of a close acquaintance with Comrade Harman very recently. I was with him in Los Angeles for about a month last fall. Before that I had talked with him only about half an hour twenty-five years ago and had known him only through Lucifer and Eugenics, as I am one of the old-timers and subscribed for his paper nearly thirty years ago. On my last visit to Los Angeles we spent many hours together in the little bungalow on the hill. He was as far from being a "one-idea" man as any man I ever knew. He was an "all-round" radical if ever one existed. The all-overwhelming impulse with him was a keen sense of justice. He had one weak point. It seems inconceivable that a man with the mind to do what he has accomplished should be unable to appreciate the value of the work he has done. I don't believe for a moment that he ever realized that he was the Garrison of woman's emancipation. Of the thousands of readers of Eugenics, I believe the man who adored Moses Harman least was its editor. When I would speak of his autobiography as a great book that would be read by millions a hundred years after he was dead, he would say, "Pshaw," and I do not believe he had any conception of the position he holds and will hold in the history of human progress. He spoke many times of what I had done for Lucifer—little things that I thought everybody had forgotten—but never a word of what he had done and suffered for others. How small must we all feel who have devoted our thoughts, our lives, almost exclusively to efforts to acquire money, compared with Moses Harman, who never had time to waste any thought on that subject. His thoughts, his whole being, were given to service for freedom, and the pleasure of his work was his reward. If you are short of money, dear child, do not hesitate to notify us. It seems to me every subscriber will send a dollar whether it is due or not. And we ought all to advance at least a dollar on the book, as you will need help if you get it out in first-class shape. Your father thought too little of himself to make the book what it ought to be. You ought to do better, for you know him better than he knew himself.

E. C. Walker, 244 W. 143d St., New York.—I know that I can say nothing

in the way of cheer and consolation that has not already sprung into life in your own mind, or been voiced to you by friends whose facility of expression is far better than mine. After all, only the duties that rest upon the living can make less the grief that comes with the departure of those whom we have loved. The idle hand and the idle brain alone drive to despondency and despair.

Will H. Schwartz, Everett, Wash.—Since the spirit of Moses Harman has departed from the form which he used for so long to advance Eugenics, I expect to see it reflected from many men and women who loved him much, and the force which he set in motion will grow until the object of his greatest desire has been accomplished.

Walter Hurt, Williamsburg, O.—We who believe in the righteousness of those things for which Moses Harman stood, must honor the legacy he has left us—the obligation of seeing that the lesson of his life shall not be lost.

Clara J. L. Pierce, Dorchester, Mass.—I come to you with my sincere love and sympathy for the loss of your dear father's presence; for though I fully believe that he will still be with you in spirit, the loss and missing is very real to us. I feel as if I had lost a personal friend. I had so hoped that I would see him some time. I am very thankful that my renewal was sent in time to enable me to receive a friendly note of acknowledgment from him.

Mrs. Annie J. Sandberg, Richfield, Utah.—Moses Harman is certainly a heroic soul, and undoubtedly after a period of rest he will enter into a larger field and continue the good work begun here.

H. A. Libbey, Boston, Mass.—I was shocked and grieved by news of the death of Moses Harman. I hope you will be able to keep up the work, and with better financial appreciation.

David Hoyle, New York.—You have my sympathy in your great loss. But I am one of those who believe that Moses Harman continues to live happily and usefully under new conditions.

R. A. Macfie, San Juan, Puerto Rico.—I was much grieved to learn of the death of your good and venerable father. The seed he sowed and nurtured will mature and bring forth fruit abundantly. We may not be able to foresee exactly what the fruit will be, but we may safely trust that it will be good.

Albina L. Washburn, San Diego, Cal.—Dear, I said in my hasty letter that Moses Harman was a "second Victor Hugo." I did not write the accompanying thought, which was, "And a first and only Moses Harman!" I do not think of him as having left his chosen work, but simply left his worn body and physical disabilities to find a smoother, happier path toward the same end.

Henry Bool, Cocoanut Grove, Fla.—Your father was the most model reformer I ever knew. He kept on keeping on despite every obstacle. I shall always honor his memory as long as mine lasts.

J. Wm. Lloyd, Westfield, N. J.—What a fine ending it was to a brave and beautiful life! At Christmas Clarence Swartz was here and spoke of seeing your father in Seattle and of how fine his physical condition seemed. I am glad you are going to publish his life. It should certainly be done.

Henry E. Allen, Chicago, Ill.—Moses Harman was one of the mighty small number who are willing to live, and die if need be, for principle. When true history is recorded, his name will appear along with the names of Ingersoll, Phillips, Ben Hanford and others, who have at least striven to make the world more tolerant and therefore more fit for human habitation. You may always feel proud that you came from such stock.

Dora F. Kerr, Kelowna, B. C.—I know how many letters you will have, but we must send you our love and sympathy. We were very glad to have such details as you could give in the little circular. It surely was a fine and fitting end for such a grand worker to be working up to the last. We will look forward to hearing of you when you send out the journal. How much all lovers of freedom, and of human progress, owe to you and your father.

THE EUGENISTS LIBRARY

Dr. E. B. Foote's Cyclopedia of Medical, Social and Sexual Science; twelve hundred pages; finely illustrated; the most complete work of the kind ever written; price, two dollars, prepaid.

Race Culture and Parenthood, by Dr. C. W. Saleeby, of Edinburg, Scotland. The first attempt to define, as a whole, the general principles of race-culture or eugenics; 389 large pages; well bound; price, $2.50 net; postage, 20c.

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